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No. 991.]

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WEEK ENDING JULY 15, 1909.

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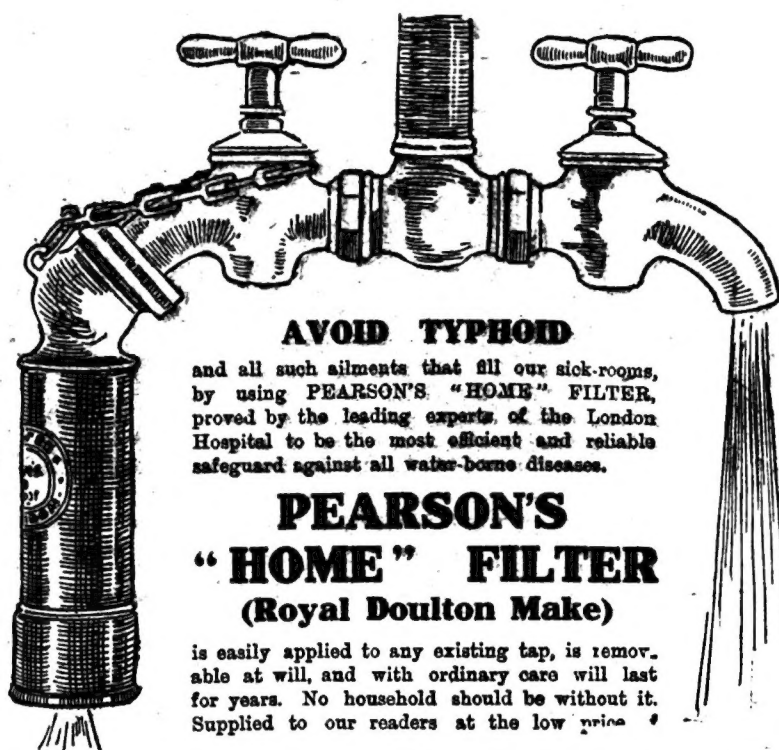
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Norton, 25 & 26 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.**ASTROLOGY.** - Life Horoscope, Marriage Partner described, Money Prospects, Future Events, Changes, &c., accurately told. Send birth-date, 1/-, and stamped envelope. - Madame Marion, Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh.**BABY CARE** direct from factory on approval; carriage paid; we save you 4/- in the 4/-; cash or easy payments from 4/- monthly. Wonderful value. Send to-day for splendid new catalogue, post free. - Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. G), Coventry.**BE YOUR OWN MASTER** and start the Remnant Trade. Experience unnecessary. There's money in it. Write now for free guide. - Cochran's Warehouse, 17 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.**INCOME TAX.** - If you wish to avoid trouble and expense, buy "A Handy Guide to Income Tax Payable." It will solve all your difficulties in making a correct return, and thus avoid overcharge. Send fourteen stamps to A. F. Sower, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.**CHINA, CHINA, CHINA.** - Tea Services from 2/-, packed free. Dinner Sets, handsome decorations, 6/- Five Complete Sets - Dinner, Tea, Breakfast, Toilet, and Trinket, 21/-, packed free. Book of designs post free. All Factory Prices. - Teapot Manufacturing Co. (Dept. K) Hanley, Staffs.**RINKING** is the most fascinating and healthy amusement of the age. It is also an amazing financial success, and dividends up to 200% are being paid. Now is a chance for you to secure shares in an assured successful risk in large North of England City. Send for prospectus at once. - L. Whitaker, Certified Public Accountant, Padstow, Lancs.**ETIQUETTE FOR MEN.** - A book setting forth in simple style full and accurate direction for the due observance of all the social and business rules for men, by G. E. M. Davenport. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. 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"From Gross to Gross" with 1/- cent for three stamps. - CORNISH ORGAN & PIANO CO., Memorial Hall, London, E.C.**ASTROLOGY.** - Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Business Success, Matrimony. Two years' future added. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O. - Prof. Gould, Butleigh, Whitechurch Road, Cardiff.**SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.** - A few simple conjuring tricks are always useful in the after dinner interval. You can learn a number of effective tricks which need little or no apparatus with very little trouble by studying "After-Dinner Sleights and Pocket Tricks," by C. Lang Neil, Send 1/2 to A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.**NETS FOR TENNIS COURT BORDERING:** good colour, and especially prepared with line attached to top and bottom, will not rot; easy to erect or take away; 25 yards long by 2 yards wide, 6/-; by 3 yards wide, 7/-; by 4 yards wide, 8/-; standards for same, 10/- each; 1/- each; Garden Netting, 30 square yards, 1/-; orders over 5/- carriage paid. Lists of Fancy Tents free. H. J. GASSON, Net Works, Rye.**HAY FEVER, COLDS, &c.** instantly relieved and cured. HAKKA, 23, All Chemists or Bush, 1 Gresham Buildings, London, E.C.**TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.** - A capital handbook for the novice and also for the more advanced student is "How to Take and Develop Photographs," by Olive Holland. It gives you all the information you require regarding the Dark Room, Camera, Plates and Films, Exposure, Development of Negatives, Printing, Mounting, &c., &c. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.**Make your own Cigarette**
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With Illustrations.

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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 991.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JULY 15, 1909.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

QUARRELSOME.

"But why did you leave your last place?" the lady asked of the would-be cook.
"To tell the truth, mum," said Sarah, "I just couldn't stand the way the master an' the missus used to quarrel, mum."
"Dear me! Do you mean to say that they actually quarrelled—and before the servants?"
"Why, yes, mum, all the time. When it wasn't me an' him, mum, it was me an' her."

He (fiercely): "We don't need that rug any more than a cat needs two tails. How often have I told you, my dear, never to buy anything because it's cheap?"
She (with an air of one who has got the better of the argument): "But it wasn't cheap, my love; it cost £4."

A REAL MYSTERY.

"No," said the merchant to the reporter, "we are unable to explain our bookkeeper's defalcation."
"He had no bad habits. We never suspected anything wrong. He only ran one yacht, but lots of people do that."
"Yes, I think he owned five horses; but, you know, a good many people are fond of horses."
"He lived in a house that he paid £5,000 for, but we supposed that he bought it from his savings."
"What was his salary?"
"Well, now, I'll have to think. It was either £500 or £750. I think it was £500; but you'll have to ask my partner to make sure."

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

They met—'twas many years ago,
And at the County Ball;
They loved, and as the time went on,
Became engaged and all.
"In Arcady, O love," he said,
"How blissful life will be";
She smiled and gently shook her head—
"In Arcady!" said she.

Thus did a bitter feud begin,
In manner most polite;
And neither would, by giving in,
Admit the other's right.
The war, as civil as could be,
Went on as days went by;
Whenever he said "Arcady,"
She answered, "Arcady."

They parted; and the years have fled,
As oftentimes they will;
And he to someone else is wed,
But she is single still.
And both, I'm told, are prone to sigh,
What need had they to care,
If Arcady or Arcady,
So long as love were there?

NATURALLY.

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticise.
"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—ah—"
"Too prosy, I suppose?" suggested the minister.
"Oh, no; not that. But too long."
"But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister pleasantly. "If you knew a little more, I wouldn't have to tell you so much."

"REMARKABLE will case!" exclaimed Dumplin on reading this heading in the papers. "Ah, they should hear my wife express her wishes. Hers is a remarkable will, if you like."
"And when I want to go out to dinner, and she says 'No,' that's a remarkable 'Won't' case."

WHY THE BILL WAS PAID.

FIRST FLORIST: "Young de Pink is a slow payer, isn't he?"
Second Florist: "Last week he paid up the big bill he owed me, and made all sorts of apologies—said he'd forgotten all about it."
"Eh? Did you send him a writ?"
"No; the last time he ordered a bouquet to be sent to his girl I made out a bill for the past three years giving the address each bouquet went to."
"Yes?"
"Well, the boy made a mistake and delivered the bouquet to De Pink and the bill to the girl."

THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE IS WITH US.

London is, at the present moment, invaded by numbers of American millionaires. Our artist takes their advent for depicting a few of the many types of Londoners who eagerly await their coming.

HE MAY ESCAPE THE
DEALER WITH THE
DOUBTFUL VELASQUEZ.



AND THE OWNER
OF A QUESTIONABLE
RARE OLD FIRST
EDITION.



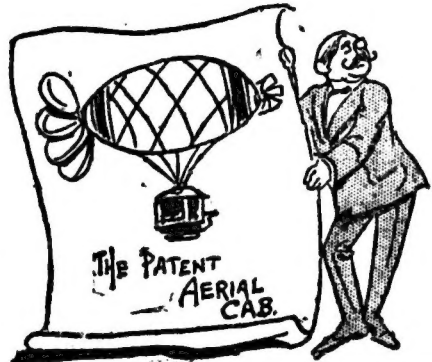
AND THE PARTIES WHO HAVE
WONDERFUL MUMMIES OF
RAMESES AND THEBES
FOR DISPOSAL.



AND THE FAMILY
WHO HAVE TO PART
WITH SOME GENUINE
OLD TAPESTRY.



AND THE INVENTOR ON THE
LOOK OUT FOR A FINANCIER.



AND THE
DRAMATISTS
WHO WANT SOMEONE TO
TAKE THEATRES FOR THEM.



BUT IF HE'S A BACHELOR, CAN HE ESCAPE
THE MOTHERS WITH MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS. QUERY.



It costs one shilling and sixpence to hire a boat for a single hour at the seaside, yet this sum sent to the F.A.F. would give two slum children a whole day in the country.

The World's Best Stories.

Told Week by Week.

Shackleton and His Failures—

ONE of our most popular and up-to-date weekly periodicals, *M.A.P.*, has enlarged and even improved itself this week, and that is saying a good deal. We can congratulate Mr. T. P. O'Connor on issuing a paper that is interesting to man and woman from cover to cover.

What strikes me most about the new *M.A.P.* is the wealth of human interest contained in it. There is no dish up of the old personal paragraph that has been going the round of the papers for years, but on each page somehow you seem to get something new.

Only for the fear of cribbing too much it would be easy to fill the whole of this page from *M.A.P.* alone, but I shall have to be content with a judicious selection.

The most important contribution is that by Lieutenant Shackleton, who tells the story of his youth and his first successes in life. In a two-page article he describes how he went out on his first Antarctic expedition with Captain Scott, of his various voyages all over the world in all sorts of ships, and of how he landed in England again to come into our own office and become assistant editor of the *Royal Magazine*.

Then he tells of how he left us and went electioneering. He says of this latter:

"On one occasion when I had to address a meeting I missed my train, and had to take a special to get through. I arrived at the hall just in time to hear the chairman apologising for my absence. I, however, made my speech. What my opponents thought of it was voiced by one of them, who got up and said, 'He took a special train to get here, and when he got here, what did he say? Nothing.'

"I need scarcely remind you that I was defeated."

That was one of his failures in life. Here is how he set out to make what has been up to the present his greatest success.

—and His Success.

"The financing of my expedition was no easy matter, and getting the money for it might almost be regarded as my first success. I wore out a good deal of shoe-leather in London and elsewhere, going to see people, and I spent many postage stamps in writing letters to get others to help the new expedition. I, however, obtained little assistance from most of those to whom I applied. I was sufficiently fortunate, however, to find enough people to believe in me and to guarantee me a large part of the money required for the enterprise. These guarantees will now be paid off by me. This, I hope, will be done by my lectures and by the sale of my book, which will be published later in the year.

The Start.

"On these guarantees and the funds I have mentioned, I opened a little office in London, and, with the assistance of one man, Mr. Alfred Reid, I set about preparing the expedition. Having the equipment in our own hands and not having to wait for committees, we naturally got ahead very quickly. The formal announcement that the Antarctic expedition was to start was made on February 12th, and on the following August 6th we sailed from Cowes, after their Majesties had inspected the ship and the Queen had entrusted to us her Union Jack to carry to the South. On January 1st, 1908, at 4 p.m., we cast off from New Zealand.

"I naturally cannot go into the details of the expedition here. The work that has been done is already known in outline, and the full narrative will appear presently in *Pearson's Magazine*."

Perhaps I ought not to crib any more from this most entertaining bit of autobiography—it would be unjust to Lieutenant Shackleton to maul about his story. But I must give the anecdote with which he winds up:

A Poor Audience.

"It may interest you to hear that in Sydney, on my return from my last expedition, I had a very large audience—over 4,000 people in the town hall—and this is a contrast to a lecture I gave in Leith a few years ago. I hired the hall and advertised my lecture.

"On the evening of the day I drove from my house in Edinburgh, and, instead of finding the place full, as I hoped, I saw one drunken man, two old women, and a couple of boys assembled to hear me.

"I went downstairs and asked the cabman whether he would not like to come to the lecture. He thanked me, but assured me that he would rather not, as he was 'very comfortable where he was.'

"Eventually about twenty people turned up, and to them I delivered my lecture. When I went home I related the experience to my wife, and we went into a calculation that I had spent something like seven pounds in hiring the hall and advertising the lecture, and that all I was likely to receive was twenty-five shillings.

"No," said my wife, "you won't get as much, for I sent the maid and the cook to hear you; so that is two shillings off."

I could take a sheaf of anecdotes from this same number of *M.A.P.* about other distinguished men and women, but it would, I think, be more satisfactory to you if you read the entire paper itself.

The Story of a Royal Salad.

THE London correspondent of a Manchester paper is responsible for this story.

At luncheon at Buckingham Palace the other day one of the young princes of Wales began, "Oh, grandpapa," when the King interposed with some severity, "Little boys should be seen and not heard. Go on with your luncheon and don't talk."

Collapse of small prince.

To him presently the King, relenting, "Well, now you can say what you were going to say."

Prince (with a world of meaning): "Too late, grandpapa; too late."

The King: "Nonsense! If it was worth saying five minutes ago it is worth saying now."

Prince (firmly): "No, grandpapa. There was a great enormous slug in your salad, and you've eaten him."

The Contentment of Martha.

MR. ROBERT SMELLIE, President of the Scottish Miners' Association, speaking in Sheffield the other day, told some stories. One related to an old woman named Martha, who cleaned the kirk for the magnificent sum of 3s. 6d., and actually was ungracious enough to complain.

On a certain day one of the office-bearers concealed himself behind a pillar, and when Martha, after surveying the expanse of floor and pew, impiously exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, all this for 3s. 6d.," he cried out in a deep voice, "Martha, Martha, be thou content."

Whereupon Martha fell on her knees, and answered, "O Lord, so I am."

The End of the Journey.

ONE of the Canadian Press delegates tells a story of a Quebec man who was coming one winter morning down the long flight of stone steps leading from the upper to the lower town. The steps were covered with ice. The man slipped, and started bumping down the long flight on his back, feet foremost, with incredible velocity.

Just as he began to gain speed he struck an old lady who was carefully picking her way downward. She fell plump upon the unfortunate man and held her seat through his dizzying flight until he stopped with a bump at the end of the long journey.

He was bruised and his clothing was almost stripped from him.

The woman retained her seat, holding on with frantic grasp and breathing heavily.

"Madam," said the man with grave politeness, "you'll have to get off here. I don't go any farther."

Two Funeral Stories: The Great Artist—

THAT history repeats itself, and that the fundamental instincts of all classes are similar, we are reminded by one of the many capital anecdotes told by Mr. C. E. Halle in his "Notes from a Painter's Life."

The great French artist Ingres, when in Rome, had a violent cold, and Mottez asked him how he managed to catch it. Ingres replied that it was through attending the funeral of Monsieur X.

"What, X, the art critic?" said Mottez; "I thought you hated him?"

"That is why I went to see him buried," said Ingres.

—the Obscure Clerk.

Several years ago, at the funeral of a well-known fire insurance official in Liverpool, much detested by his staff, it was remarked that an unexpectedly large number of them attended.

On one of them being asked for an explanation, he said, "We wouldn't have missed it on any account; we want to be sure that he is buried."

The great artist, like the obscure clerk, has his littlenesses.

Who Sent This to the Printer?

You would hardly look into the *LAW TIMES* for funny stories, but here is an example that upsets the rule.

The Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions (Mr. Sharpe) recently sentenced an old vagrant to be flogged, but the Home Secretary remitted that punishment. Thereupon the Justice, who is also Chairman of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, received the following epistle:

"Whippingham. . . . Sir,—Having been much annoyed, in common with other respectable residents, by the persistent begging of a tame raven, who, though only sixty-five years of age, has long been a nuisance to the district, I lately decided to give this incorrigible bird a dozen strokes with the birch-rod, thinking that this was a kinder course than to turn him over to the cat.

"To my surprise, I am told that your society is likely to intervene. While I am aware of your great personal humaneness, I must say that if I may not sentence a middle-aged raven to a well-deserved whipping without questions being asked, the country must be going (as the Greeks used to say) 'to the crows.'

"You will, I am sure, understand that I should not dream of inflicting corporal punishment on any well-bred bird in rich plumage and able to feather his own nest; but in dealing with this fowl old fellow, a mere vagrant and gaol-bird, *Sharp* treatment seems best.—Yours faithfully, JOHN BLUNT."

The Mistake He Made.

ONE of the Colonial Press Delegates relates that at a dinner given recently in honour of one of the Colonial visitors, a young man, whose chief claim to distinction seemed to be the height of his collar and an eyeglass, said to a man near him, "Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellah over there—took him for a gentleman, and found he had a ribbon in his coat. The confounded head-waiter, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied the other, "that is the guest of the evening!"

"Hang it all, is it?" said the other. "Look here, old chap, would you mind sitting next to me at dinner and telling me who everyone is?"

"I would do so with pleasure," was the reply, "but, you see, I can't; I'm the head-waiter."

Angling in Yorkshire.

MR. W. CARTER PLATTS recalls the classic Yorkshire angling story of the unsuccessful defendant in a fishing case, who attributed his defeat to the bungling of his solicitor, against whom he felt very sore. Shortly after the trial he was pursuing his favourite sport at the river-side, when the solicitor chanced to walk along that way.

"Ah, indulging your pet fondness!" said the man of law. "What are you fishing for?"

"The Devil," growled the angler.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the solicitor. "And what are you baiting with?"

"A lawyer," came the ungracious response.

"Humph! You'll never catch him with that," sniffed the other.

"I don't care a hang whether I catch him or not," snapped the angler, "if I can only drown the bait."

Names for the Baby.

THERE is a story in the American Press of a little boy who was told by the nurse one fine morning that the stork had visited the house during the night and had left him a little baby sister, and he was asked if he would not like to see her.

"I don't care nothing about the baby," he replied, "but I'd like to see the stork."

I mention this story, says a well-known journalist, because it reminds me of the time when Uncle Parker's brother George's nephew's wife happened to find a pair of twins under the cherry tree, and the next morning a lady friend remarked to Uncle Parker's brother George's nephew's very small boy:

"So you've got two dear little, sweet little, teeny weeny babies at your house!"

"Yes, and I know what they call them, too," he chirped proudly.

"No, dear," said the lady; "you can't know that. They only came last night, and they haven't been christened yet."

"Well, I know what they call them," persisted the youngster.

"But, you know, dear, that's quite impossible until mamma's had time to find names for them and have them christened," exclaimed the family friend.

"Oh, that's all right; ma won't have to bother about that," he replied cheerfully. "Pa's found names for them. He called them 'Brimstone and Blazes!' the minute the doctor told him they'd come; I heard him."

"Only a Piece of String."

THOSE who are unfortunate enough to number among their acquaintances a persistent borrower, will appreciate this reply of Gutzkow, the German novelist, to a lady of his acquaintance who wrote an unstamped letter asking to borrow a copy of his novel, "The Knights of the Spirits," on the plea that she could not find it at the bookseller's in her town:

"Dear Madam,—In the town where you reside there appears to be a lack of all sorts of things which are easily procurable elsewhere—not only my recent work in all the bookshops in which it is applied for, but also the postage stamps for letters. I have in my possession, it is true, the book which you desire to obtain, as also the stamps to pay its carriage; but, to my regret, I am without the necessary string to make it into a parcel. If you can supply me with a piece, I am at your service."

Wouldn't Trust Lord Rosebery for Fourpence.

LORD ROSEBERY, who is one of the wealthiest Peers in Great Britain, confesses that, on one occasion, lack of the moderate sum of fourpence stood between him and an article he was most anxious to purchase.

He was one day walking through the streets of Aberdeen, when in the window of a shop he saw an article which he desired to purchase.

"How much to pay?" asked his Lordship, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Fourpence, please," answered the shopman.

"Well, I do believe I have forgotten to bring any money with me!" exclaimed Lord Rosebery.

"Aweel, sir," said the shopman, "if ye havena got the pennies, ye canna hae the parcel."

Although the Earl promised to send the money from the hotel, the Aberdonian remained obdurate, and when he offered to write a cheque for fourpence the shopkeeper was more suspicious than ever.

"Na, na," he said solemnly, shaking his head: "Though ye said ye were Andra Carnegie I widna gie ye credit. I deal only in cash."

People who praise the "Good Old Times" can't have devoted much attention to the subject. Why, there was no NOVEL MAGAZINE then!

A Little Goldmine.

A Serious Story. By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.



MR. REUBEN SHARP sat in his office in Johannesburg staring at a map with a pleasant smile on his face. His reflections, evidently of an agreeable character, were interrupted by the entry of his partner, Mr. Sam Lewson, who seemed in a good deal of a hurry.

"I say, Sharp," he said, flinging himself down in a chair opposite his partner, "what's this I hear about your having bought the Lynton goldmine for the firm? Hang it all, man, the mine's been dead this five years. And, besides, we're land agents and not mining prospectors, anyway."

"Yes," said Mr. Sharp reflectively, as he looked down on the map once more. "As you say, we are land agents when there's any business doing in that branch of industry. But as things are rather slack just now—so slack, in fact, that I had thought of throwing the whole concern up and going back to England—I thought I'd try a little gold mining. I've bought the Lynton out-and-out for two hundred pounds."

"And where's the money to come from to pay for it?" asked Lewson, with a slight sneer.

"I've thought of that, too," replied Sharp, with what Lewson regarded as irritating calmness. "I've borrowed it on the security of this business at fifteen per cent."

"The dickens you have!" exclaimed Lewson. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what you propose to do with the goldmine now you've got it. It won't be much good for building purposes, and regarded as arable land it isn't worth two hundred pence."

"Exactly," agreed Sharp. "But regarded as a goldmine it should be worth about a couple of thousand at least. I may say I've got a possible customer in tow. In fact, I'm waiting here this bright, sunny afternoon to keep an appointment I've made with him. You know the young man well. He came over here to see life a few months ago. Got heaps of money, and what he can't lose at the races he wants to lose in the mining industry. And when a man has made up his mind to throw his money about regardless, it would be a sin if people like ourselves, to whom a little money would be useful, didn't invite him to shed some of it in our direction."

"You don't mean the chap they call the Honourable Jeff?"

"That's the man. The Honourable Jeffery Baldwin. He wants to buy a goldmine, and I'm going to sell him the Lynton. I've got about ten pounds' worth of gold ore strewn round the place, and there's a man watching it. If you're here when Mr. Jeff comes in, I shall be obliged if you will back me up in everything I say."

"In point of fact, I am to help you swindle this young man out of a couple of thousand pounds?"

"Swindle is a hard word, dear boy. For all I know, there may be tons of gold left in the mine, but I haven't got the time or the machinery to investigate the matter. So I am taking the surveyor's view for my own guidance, and assuming that the mine is played out. As far as the Honourable Jeff is concerned, I sincerely trust I'm wrong. In that case, he'll have picked up a big fortune for a really trifling outlay."

A movement in the outer office attracted Mr. Sharp's attention. He held up a warning finger, and said: "Steady, here he is!"

Mr. Lewson crossed over to the fireplace and stood with his back against the mantelpiece, smiling as genially as a man may who knows he is taking a hand in a crooked game. A moment later the Honourable Jeffery Baldwin was announced by a matter-of-fact clerk.

Mr. Baldwin was a young man of about five-and-twenty. He walked into the office with the stoop and the gait of a man twice that age, and sank into a chair that had been offered him as if physical exertion at all times were a horrid bore. Mr. Sharp rose to receive him, and held out his hand, but the young man merely waved his stick in a manner suggestive of cordial hilarity, and murmured: "How do, dear boy, how do?"

"This is my partner," said Sharp, indicating Mr. Lewson.

"We can discuss the matter quite freely before him."

"How do?" repeated Mr. Baldwin, with parrot-like iteration. Then turning to Sharp, he asked abruptly: "I say, old chap, is there any gold in this beastly mine you want to sell me?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Sharp, pointing to the map, as if the spots where the gold was had been plainly marked upon it.

"Well," continued Mr. Baldwin, "what I can't make out is, if there's gold there, why the deuce don't you keep it for yourself, what?"

"The explanation is very simple, Mr. Baldwin," said Sharp. "The gold is there—I will give you proof of that assertion

when I show you over the property. My partner has seen at least a thousand pounds' worth, haven't you, Lewson?"

"Oh, certainly," interposed Lewson. "A thousand pounds' worth at the lowest computation."

"You see, sir," said Sharp, leaning across the table and talking to his client as a man and a brother, "it costs a lot of money to get gold out of a mine. I have no money to erect the necessary plant. I can prove the presence of about a thousand pounds' worth of gold there, and I consider I am entitled to assume that there is another thousand at least behind it."

"I daresay it's equally probable that there's another twenty thousand. But I can't afford the money for the necessary plant to enable me to investigate the matter, and so I've got to let my chance of a fortune go to some man who is lucky enough to possess the capital. Strictly between ourselves, I may tell you that the man who buys that mine for two thousand pounds is practically picking up money. That's what he's doing, Mr. Baldwin—picking it up."

Mr. Baldwin, crouching limply in his chair, seemed only half awake as he listened. After a moment's reflection, he said:

"Well, old chap, I'm a good sportsman, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go down with you and have a look at the place to-morrow, and if I like it I'll close at once. I know a lawyer chap across the road in Franklin Street—the family told him off to look after my remittances and all that sort of rot, don't you know, and you shall send him the deeds. And then I'll buy some of this machinery, and have a go at the place and see what there is inside it. You don't think I can lose much on it anyhow, do you?"

"Good gracious no!" cried Sharp. "You can't possibly lose on it. Of course, you mightn't make much, but, on the other hand, you might make a fortune."

"Well," drawled the young man, "if I do I shan't forget you or your partner. I'm a good sportsman. You see what I mean, what?"

The next day Mr. Sharp took his confiding client over the mine. The young man was obviously dazzled when Sharp accidentally kicked an angle of the rock and released a piece of quartz showing clear traces of gold in it, and on their return to Johannesburg, the deal was concluded.

A day or two later Mr. Sharp and Mr. Lewson dined together and drank cordially to the health and long life of the tenderfoot from the old country, trusting that his breed might never die out. They then divided the two thousand pounds between them, and took a holiday for a month or so till better times should come to the land agency business.

Things being still slack on Mr. Sharp's return, he began to wonder whether there were any more young men with money to be found who desired to become possessors of a real goldmine. Just by way of seeing whether there were any used-up property of the kind on the market, he strolled one day into one of the offices of a big mining company to have a chat with the man who had first introduced him to the Honourable Jeff.

"Hallo, Sharp," said Josh Hawkins, the man in question, "I thought you'd gone up to Lynton. You've got that mine up there, haven't you?"

"No," said Sharp, with a wink of his eye. "I'm too generous to keep a thing like that all to myself. I sold it to your young friend Baldwin."

"But surely you're getting a royalty or something out of it, aren't you?" inquired Hawkins, with a puzzled look.

"Royalty?" repeated Sharp. "What d'ye mean? I sold the thing, lock, stock, and barrel."

"Then it's your young Baldwin that's working it?" said Hawkins, with a queer look in his eye.

"I shouldn't wonder," chuckled Sharp. "He seems to be mug enough for anything."

"Mug or no mug," said Hawkins, "he's dropped on his feet this time. They're picking gold out of the place in chunks."

Sharp turned giddy at the news. He could feel the cold perspiration breaking out on his forehead as he reached out his hand for the back of a chair to support him.

"You—you don't mean to tell me that there was gold in the thing after all?" he stammered.

"I do though," replied Hawkins. "You go over the way and ask the assayer about the stuff that's come down from Lynton. He's got two or three nuggets there that are worth five thousand if they're worth a penny. The Lynton people—which I naturally thought was yourself—are getting tenders from everybody for the erection of crushing plant. Up to the present they've been too busy getting out nuggets to think of anything else. The owner says he is practically picking the gold out of the mine, and hardly having to bore at all."

Sharp sank into a chair. "Great Scott!" he gasped. "And I sold it to the boy for a paltry couple of thousand pounds!"

As soon as he felt a little better, Sharp went across the street and feasted his eyes on the nuggets that had come down from Lynton. They were in safe custody on behalf of the fortunate owner, the Honourable Jeffery Baldwin, he was told. Mr. Baldwin was so busy getting out gold that he had only had time to bring the nuggets along for safe keeping, and then he had to hurry back to resume his occupation of picking up gold just as he wanted it.

An hour or two later Mr. Sharp had a heated interview with his partner Lewson. Each accused the other of having been the first to want to sell the gold mine that would have been a fortune for any six of them. And after they had abused each other to a point that seemed to threaten a breach of the peace,

they calmed down and talked the matter over like sensible business men.

"You remember what he said," remarked Lewson. "He said that if he struck it rich he wouldn't forget us. Let's go and remind him of our existence."

"By Jove! so we will," said Sharp. "And on the way we might be able to think out a scheme for getting a share in the thing. He's very fond of bragging that he's a good sportsman, and everybody tells me he doesn't know the value of money when he's got it. We found him pretty easy to work once before. Who knows but what we may get at him again?"

"If we do," said Lewson, "we'll stick to the property this time and no nonsense about it. Why, man, there may be tons of gold in the mine. He must have struck a new reef."

On the following day Sharp and Lewson arrived at Lynton. They were not long in finding the Honourable Jeffery Baldwin. He was sitting in the room he had taken in the very primitive Grand Hotel, smoking a cigarette and sipping a rather large whisky-and-soda. Sharp's eyes glistened at the sight. If the Honourable Jeff was feeding up on that kind of stuff in that climate, he would be easier to handle than ever.

Directly he caught sight of them the young man greeted them as effusively as was possible for one of his extremely languid temperament.

"By Jove, dear old chap," he said, as he wrung Sharp's hand. "So you've heard all about my wonderful luck, what? 'Pon me word, I couldn't help thinking you were coddling me just a bit when you talked about the twenty thou. in the mine, but you were right, old chap, quite right. I never had a man deal with me so straight as you've done. Really."

"Well, you know, Mr. Baldwin," said Sharp, "I must admit I didn't think the mine would pan out quite so rich as it has done. I knew, of course, that you couldn't lose over it; but if I had known it was as rich as it's turned out to be, I don't think I should have let it go for a couple of thousand. But it was a fair deal, and I can't complain. You took all the risk and you're entitled to all the profit. Hang it all, it was a business deal, and business is business."

"Well, that's the way I look at it, don't you know," said the Honourable Jeff. "Of course, I haven't spent very much on it at present, because I've been sort of learning the business up to now."

Mr. Sharp exchanged a meaning smile with his partner. The idea of the Honourable Jeff Baldwin learning a business of any kind was rather rich, especially as his notion of business seemed to be cooling drinks and a comfortable seat happily removed from the centre of the horrid rush of commercial things.

"I'm going to begin to spend a little now, however," Jeff went on. "I'm just getting in tenders for the erection of crushing plant, and then I shall go ahead. It will mean a bit of an outlay, of course, and I haven't decided to do anything definite yet."

"I suppose," put in Sharp, "you are finding the mining business a little more of a tie than you expected?"

"Well, you know," said Jeff, sipping his whisky, "one has to be always on the watch. These fellows know I'm a good sportsman, and I'm afraid they're taking advantage of that fact to rob me right and left, and all that kind of thing, don't you know. I wouldn't be surprised to find that I've lost as much by petty thieving as I've got out of the place for myself."

"Why don't you sell your interest in the thing?" said Lewson bluntly.

"'Pon me soul," said Jeff, turning round and looking at the speaker in his dreamy way, "it wouldn't be a bad idea. I get a bit tired sometimes of running a mine for the chaps down there. They want a man who understands the business to look after them. If I ask the men sometimes how they're getting on they'll say that they've found nothing for days, and all the while they're simply in league with the chap I've made my manager to divide what they find between them."

"Anybody else, no doubt, would take a serious view of it, but as I always say, I'm a good sportsman, and when you come to think that I'm getting what I get for practically nothing, and that it's going to be a small fortune at the very least, why it doesn't seem fair to squeal because I'm not getting more than I want."

Mr. Sharp smiled once more in his significant manner, and then he said: "Look here, Mr. Baldwin. We're talking this over as between man and man. You're a good sportsman—everybody knows that. You've picked up something good, and I've lost the chance of a lifetime. From what I've seen you must have made a clear five thousand out of this place already. Now, if you remember, you told me and my partner that if you struck it rich you wouldn't forget us."

"Did I say that, old chap?" drawled Jeff, looking from one to the other.

"You certainly did," corroborated Lewson.

"Well, of course, don't you know," said Jeff, as he settled himself more languidly in his chair, "circumstances alter cases and all that kind of thing, what?"

The two partners exchanged glances. "You see, Mr. Baldwin," said Sharp, "we neither of us thought it was going to pan out as it has done. If you got out of it with ten thousand pounds you wouldn't do so badly for an outlay of a couple of thousand, would you?"

"No, I s'pose not," assented Jeff.

"Well, now, look here," said Sharp. "I'll make you a good

The initials F.A.F. might stand for Forward A Fourpennybit, but they really signify FRESH AIR FUND. Moreover we prefer nine penny pieces to fourpennybits.

sporting offer. You shall keep everything you get out of the mine up to the moment of transfer, and my partner and I will give you five thousand down for your interest after that."

The Honourable Jeff laughed softly to himself. "Why," he said, "there was a Johnnie round here yesterday offering me double that, and besides, I was to have some shares in the company he wanted to form, but as I said—"

"Never mind about that, Mr. Baldwin," said Sharp. "I'm not approaching you as an outsider. I am putting it to you as a good sportsman that I've got some claim on your generosity. But for an oversight on the part of my surveyor, I should never have sold you the mine at all. I made a bad mistake, and I'm asking you to give me a chance to retrieve it. I was caught unawares over the deal, and I know that you, as a sportsman, wouldn't take advantage of a thing like that."

Mr. Lewson backed his partner's eloquence magnificently, and it was clear to both of them that in appealing to the Honourable Jeff's sporting instincts they had played a trump card.

The young man hummed and hawed a good deal, and protested that he didn't want to hit anybody when he was down, especially a man who had dealt with him so squarely as Sharp had done.

Finally he rose and took Sharp by the hand and said he would show them what a good sportsman could do when he was put to it. He agreed that the moment his solicitor had got the five thousand in cash, the transfer should take place.

Mr. Sharp and his partner came back to Johannesburg with their faces wreathed in smiles. For sheer simplicity of character the Honourable Jeff had not belied his reputation. Messrs. Sharp and Lewson had only one anxiety. That was the fear that the young man might be got at by other people who had heard of the mine's record, and that he might learn something of the commercial value of the article he was selling.

How the partners found the money was a mystery to themselves. The Honourable Jeff could not be made to understand that it would be reasonable to allow them to raise the money on the security of the mine itself, because, as he said, if it wasn't theirs till they had paid the five thousand, how could they get a mortgage on it beforehand? In fact, his ideas of business were so vague and his horror of any unusual trouble so intense that they thought it best to let sleeping dogs lie. In a fortnight or so they succeeded in raising the money, and the matter was settled.

About a week later, Messrs. Sharp and Lewson set out for Lynton to start working the mine on a proper and business-like footing. Mr. Baldwin had given them a hint that once the affair was concluded, he would be clearing out, and they did not, therefore, expect to see him at his hotel.

As a matter of fact, he had departed some days previously, the manager explained, but had left a note which he handed to Mr. Sharp. That gentleman promptly sat down to decipher the Honourable Jeff's very erratic caligraphy. The letter ran as follows:

"DEAR OLD CHAP.—As I think I've told you already, I'm a good sportsman, but hang it all, I do like a run for my money. The first man I got in to look at the Lynton mine after it had passed into my hands told me it had been 'salted' for the purposes of a quick sale. It seems that the place wasn't worth a thousand halfpennies. So I'll tell you what I did. I went up to Lydenburg and invested about five thousand in nuggets, which are always worth their money and a bit over, and took them down to Jo'burg with the report that they had come from my mine. I knew the news would get to you sooner or later. I may be a fool, but I'm not such a silly fool as all that, dear chap. I've paid myself back the two thousand of the five you gave my lawyer chap, and I have handed the balance over to the Victoria Hospital, because, as I said before, I'm a good sportsman before everything. I'm sailing on Wednesday for home.—Yours, JEFF BALDWIN."

And then Mr. Sharp and his partner sat down and wept.

SHE (to beggar): "It's a wonder you don't use soap and water once or so in a month."

He: "I have thought of it, mum, but there's so many kinds of soap, an' it's so hard to tell which is and which is not injurious to the skin that I don't like to take any risks."

MORE ROYAL REVIEWS.

No sooner has the naval demonstration at Spithead, witnessed by the Colonial editors, become a thing of the past, than preparations are in full swing for the visit of the Fleet to the Thames; and scarcely will the echoes of the saluting guns at the Nore have died away, than the warships will assemble at Cowes to be reviewed by His Majesty the King on Saturday, July the 31st, the Saturday before Bank Holiday.

These forthcoming reviews, particularly the latter, promise to eclipse all former demonstrations of Britain's sea-power and readiness to defend her coasts against all invaders.

But magnificent as these lordly fleets of battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, and submarines may be, one cannot but be struck by the thought that there are enemies against which they are useless.

Of what avail are battleships in defending our homes against typhoid and other malignant water-borne diseases, which cause more destruction to human life than any war?

And yet while it costs millions to build Dreadnoughts to defend our country, you may safeguard your home against these insidious ailments at a cost of a few shillings only, by purchasing Pearson's "Home" Filter.

This filter, which is known as a tap-pressure filter, has been proved by the experts at the London Hospital to be the most reliable safeguard against all water-borne diseases. It is made by British labour, and it is by arrangement with Messrs. Doulton & Co., of the Royal Doulton Potteries, that we are able to offer it to our readers at special low rates. Further particulars will be found in our advertisement columns.



Nerve Messages

Telling how a Physician has Allowed Himself to be Vivisected.
By JOSEPH CATER, M.D.

It is well known that in the pursuit of their medical studies, as well as in post-mortem operations, doctors incur many grave risks; but it has been left to the

present time to record the case of a well-known physician submitting himself to vivisection.

Purely in the interests of medical science a famous London physician placed himself in the hands of his colleagues for certain investigations with respect to the nervous system. The experiments have extended over four to five years, and have only recently been completed.

The special object in carrying out the work was to determine the precise function of certain nerves, and to study the various messages of sensation which are constantly passing upwards from the several parts of the body to the brain. The doctor in question submitted himself to the ordeal of removal of portions of important nerves, in order to break the continuity, and thus interrupt the passage of impulses (nerve messages) to and fro. The operations were performed by a very eminent surgeon, and, of course, the usual anaesthetics had to be administered.

Such a piece of heroism on behalf of his fellow creatures entitles this doctor to unstinted praise. Yet he has insisted that for the present his name shall not be made public.

Still Suffers from It.

Courage is always demanded when one has to face the surgeon's knife, but there is always the inspiring hope that the result of the operation will restore health or prolong life. But in this particular instance, the doctor gave himself up to the ordeal of vivisection purely and simply to benefit his fellow creatures. And to this extent he has become a martyr in the science of medicine, for he reports himself still suffering from the effects of the operation on his nerves. Now, what is it that has led to such an unselfish sacrifice?

The wonderful system of nerve cords and fibres which send their ramifications into every part of the human body, connect it up as a telegraphic system, and unite the whole with the brain. Owing to the very great difficulties which naturally presented themselves, little, beyond a few elementary facts of the working of the human nervous system, has become known.

By means of vivisection on lower animals, many problems of mental and nervous action have been elucidated, but unfortunately there has not been any method of comparing human perception and sensation with that which occurs in the lower orders of animal life.

Opportunity has been afforded of late years for investigating important nerves of the body and limbs, through the large number of accidents taken to our big hospitals.

SCANTY.

JOBBINS was treating Lobbins to lunch. It was a four-course affair, and cost but a shilling per head; from which it may be deduced that the meal was eminently high-class, if somewhat scanty.

"My boy," exclaimed Jobbins, waxing enthusiastic over half an inch of cheese, "this is the cheapest lunch in London. And high-class, too, you know—really high-class! Confess, now; don't you like it?"

"I like it very much, old man," answered Lobbins. "I think it is most excellent. Er—shall we have another?"

A COOK WANTED.

MRS. JOLLIE was a lady who was fond of a joke. One evening she chanced to meet her cook in the company of her sweetheart. Now Jane's "young man" boasted of a hirsute adornment on the upper lip of the first quality, while Mr. Jollie kept his face clean shaven.

The following morning the lady said to her:

"Jane, I cannot imagine how you can allow your beau to kiss you with such a heavy moustache; I should think it must tickle very much."

"Well, ma'am," replied Jane, instinctively drawing her hand across her mouth, "I can't say but what it do tickle a bit; but—gie me that before the scrubbing the master gies ye—he fairly makes yer face sore."

MAKING IT CLEAR.

IN his day Boaler was a terror. He seldom played a match without hitting at least one batsman more or less severely, and he was looked upon with awe.

But it was noticed on one occasion that he played respectfully at a brawny Yorkshireman, who, having just taken his "block," came to an understanding with the lightning trundler.

"Neaw luke here, Mr. Boaler," he shouted across the pitch, "let thee an' me 'ave it out. If tha 'its me wi' that ba', Av shall just come across an' 'it thee on a correspondin' place wi' this 'ere bat; so tha con get along wi' the slingin'!"

There were no serious accidents that day, and it is satisfactory to learn that the candid giant ran up a score in keeping with his inches.

Here careful observations have been made and duly recorded for the future guidance of the medical profession. It has invariably been found that when an important nerve has been cut across there has been loss of sensation and power in the parts which that nerve supplied. Consequently all communication with the brain has ceased so far as those parts were concerned.

Hundreds of messages (nerve impulses) are carried to and fro every minute by the many tiny nerves of our bodies, so long as these nerves remain intact; but, like telegraph wires, if one or more are severed, all communications must cease at the point where continuity is broken.

For example, take the case of a soldier who, in the Boer War, was shot in the right arm, and an important nerve trunk was divided by the bullet. All messages normally carried to and from the brain were stopped at that point, and the exact nature of the injury was, to some extent, ascertained by the loss of power and sensation which followed the gun-shot. Surgical skill is frequently able to bring together the separated nerve ends, and in the course of time complete re-union takes place. But when this re-union cannot be secured, there is more or less loss of sensation and power in those parts of the limb below the injury.

It is now some little time since the operations were performed on the eminent doctor, and so far as experimental science is concerned, the results have been particularly successful. On the other hand, the doctor himself is, up to the present time, and to a limited extent, a damaged man.

Although some years have passed and the divided nerves have been joined together, there is still a definite loss of sensation on the back of his left hand. Yet the record of the experiments in human vivisection will remain a classic study, and has been published in the journal of the Neurological Society called "Brain."

Tumours Make their Presence Known.

What ultimate benefit to mankind is to be derived from these painstaking researches into the functions of our nerves? The answer is, that a knowledge of function helps us to diagnose and picture to ourselves the workings of obscure or internal disease, and especially as regards the nervous diseases themselves.

For example, a tumour may be growing slowly in some hidden part, and the only indication of its existence there may be due to its pressure on a nerve trunk. This pressure gives rise to certain symptoms of which the patient complains. By testing sensation and power, and with his knowledge of nerve function, the physician is able to trace the trouble to its hidden but real source.

In many such instances, in the old days, these slender indications would have been misunderstood, but in the light of modern discovery the surgeon is enabled to operate in time, and thus save a life.

WHICH HE PREFERRED.

THE youngest of the family was holding forth in her best style. The mother could do nothing, and so paterfamilias, careworn yet confident, hastened to the rescue: "I think I can do the trick," he said. "There's no use humming to her in that silly way. What she wants is real music. The fact that I used to lead our glee club at college may make a difference."

Whereupon he took the child, and, striding up and down the room, sang to her in his best manner.

After the second stanza there came a knocking on the wall, and the voice of the man next door sounded through the thin partition:

"I'm feeling rather unwell," said the voice, "and I want to get to sleep. If it's all the same to you, would you stop singing, please, and let the baby cry?"

ONLY HER DOG.

"Now, I wonder," thought Alphonso, "what Arabella is doing at this precise moment?"

(Arabella and Alphonso were married last May, and Alphonso, being a commercial traveller, was far from home.)

"I wonder," he repeated, "what she is doing?"

Then a brilliant idea struck him, and he visited the nearest spiritualist medium:

"What," said Alphonso, for the third time, "is Arabella doing?"

"She is looking out of the window," replied the medium, "evidently expecting somebody."

"That is strange!" said Alphonso. "Whom can she expect?"

"Ah!" continued the medium, "someone enters the house, and she caresses him fondly."

"It can't be!" cried the excited husband. "My wife is true to me."

"Now she lays his head on her lap and looks tenderly into his eyes."

"Villain!" roared the jealous husband.

"Now she kisses him."

"It's false!" yelled Alphonso. "I'll make you pay dearly for this!"

The medium saw that he had gone far enough:

"Now," he said, "he wags his tail."

As Mr. Micawber said: "Twenty Pounds a Year. Expenditure, 19s. 6d. Result, Happiness." And if another fourpence goes on THE NOVEL MAGAZINE, the happiness is doubled.

Recorded in Rhyme.

A CITY ON ROLLERS.

[In Berlin business people of both sexes roller-skate to business, and crowds of maid-servants with baskets on their arms glide gaily about. Ladies even pay afternoon calls on their skates.—Daily Paper.]

TINKER, tailor, soldier, sailor, ploughboy, potman, thief, Mary Ann the housemaid, the typist, and the "Chief."



The butcher and the baker have all gone "roller" mad, And even the rag-and-bone man has taken up the "fad."

When company promoters of staid and portly mien, With legs apart convulsively, at lamps to clutch are seen,

Whilst very prim old dowagers are charged by the police With rolling into shops, and other breaches of the peace.

I think it's time they skated in a proper rinking "hall,"

This rushing madly through the streets is not "the thing" at all,

With motors and now roller skates to terrify, the stranger Will have to buy an aeroplane to take him out of danger.

THE FATAL SIGNS.

[Do we enjoy the good things of this life less than formerly? Alas! it is a sure sign of old age creeping on apace.—Daily Paper.]

LAST week the steak aside I cast That mocked my unavailing tooth;



Fair maidens, beautiful to view, My arms no longer would unfold Nor fondle as they used to do; Get me a crutch!—it must be true—I'm getting old!

The waiter's tears fell thick and fast: "Oh, sir!" he sobbed, "you're getting past Your youth!"

I saw a play that's all the rage To-night, and home-ward sadly crept; Comedians capered on the stage Yet—curses on my dull old age!—I slept!

SHOCKING SHOCKS.

[The condition of pens and ink provided for the use of the public in the post-offices has been a frequent source of complaint. The Postmaster-General has now issued an order that such articles shall be renewed with sufficient

We pay five shillings for each accepted set of verses in this feature. We don't want the sketches. Address your envelope to the Topical Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

frequency, and that pens and ink-bottles shall be kept clean.—Weekly Paper.]

I WALKED into the office; and At first could hardly understand; It seemed so very strange—I mean, The blotting-paper there was clean!

I started; then I stared again; Could I be dreaming, or insane? No; it was true—or seemed to be; I held my forehead dizzily.

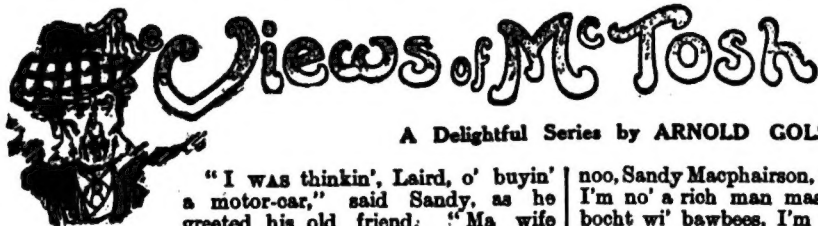
Once more I gasped and staggered, when My shaking hand picked up a pen; In fact, I nearly had a fit,

There was a fine new nib in it!

My strength came slowly back at last; "Are all these shocks," I muttered, "past? Indeed, I shall collapse, I think, If they have been and changed the ink."

I hardly liked to look; but still I bent my head by force of will; The pot had been refilled that day!

Then, with a shriek, I swooned away.



A Delightful Series by ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

On Social Competition.

"I WAS thinkin', Laird, o' buyin' a motor-car," said Sandy, as he greeted his old friend: "Ma wife says—"

"I didna ken ye were sae bien (rich) a man, Sandy Macphairson," replied the Laird drily. "Can ye afford to buy a motor-car?"

"Weel, ye maun unnerstaun, Laird," said Sandy, a little hesitatingly, "we've got appearances tae keep up. A frien' o' our ain wha lives near us has juist got a car, and ma wife doensna think we ought to play second fiddle tae folk o' that sort."

McTosh laughed softly to himself for a moment, and then he said: "I thocht ye had mair sense than to be botherin' your pow about sic nonsense, Sandy. Ye sit there and talk to me as eef ye wad hae me believe that gin ye had a motor-car it wad make a greater man o' ye. It's mair than likely it'll mak' ye mair insigneeffant than ye are. But I'm no' for blaming ye, man. It's the way o' the worl'd tae want tae gang the safest road."

Oot o' the Fryin'-pan into the Fire.

"I hae kent in ma time many folk that hae become great wi' keepin' a motor-car or a powny and cairt, but it's no' the kind o' greatness that's worth the havin', Sandy Macphairson. Gin ye hae a motor-car ye are still a smaller man, accordin' to your ain standard, than the man wha has twa."

"Ye hae merely jumpit oot o' the fryin'-pan into the fire. Gin ye want tae mak' yoursel' a great man—and naethin' shortt o' a meeracle wad let ye dae that—ye'll need tae tak' a higher standard."

"Forbye, ye ken, ye canna afford a motor-car. Gin a man has plenty o' siller it's richt eneuch for him to hae a' the cars he can afford. But maist o' the men I hae kent wha hae had motor-cars hae bocht them at the expense o' the happiness o' their wives and bairns. They were maistly like yoursel', Sandy Macphairson. They couldna afford to be really great, and sae they had tae pretend to be great."

"And when they dee'd afore their time, there wasna eneuch o' their greatness left to feed their wives and bairns for a fortnicht. I kent a man once that kep' sax horses, and thocht himsel' a king; and when he was dee'd his wife had tae tak' in washin' for a leevin'."

"Losh me, Sandy! what the deil does it maitter tae you what your neebour does or doensna dae tae mak' himsel' what's ca'd a social success? Ye've got to get to heaven on your ain hook. Maistly ye'll find that the greatness o' a man is to be measured, not by the things he has, but by the things he's able to gang without."

"Gin ye hae the courage, Sandy Macphairson, to admit that ye maanna hae a motor-car, because the money is needed for the better education o' your bairns, ye'll at least be a greater man than your neebour that's feart to mak' ony sic admission: I'm talkin' o' rale greatness

noo, Sandy Macphairson, and no' the worrthless eemitation. I'm no' a rich man masel', but gin greatness could be bocht wi' bawbees, I'm thinkin' I wadna be a'thegither amang the verra little ones. In thirty years I hae kent many folk wha hae become what they ca' great."

"Ye wadna notice any deerference gin ye met them in the street, and there's nae unusual magneeficence about their conversation. But as sune as they had made a wee bit siller they movit into a bigger hoose, and then a bigger still; and maistly they didna care to associate ony mair wi' a verra ordinary pairson like masel'."

"There was ma frien', Tammy Hunter, wha once worricked wi' me in an office i' London. When he becam' great he didna a'thegither care to be seen speakin' wi' me in the street, but aye day I stoppit him, and I said: 'You're spendin' a lot o' siller the noo, Tammy. Hoo wull it be wi' your wife and bairns gin ye were to dee?' And he lauchit oot lood, and said: 'Hoot awa', man, but I'm no gaun tae dee!' And a fortnicht later he was deid, and noo his wife is bringin' up sax bairns on twa pown' a week."

Fifty Pown' on a Dinner Pairty.

"What was wrang wi' Tammy was that he had your ain standard o' greatness, Sandy Macphairson. His neebour movit intae a bigger hoose, and he hadna the courage to tell himsel' that he couldna afford tae dee the same. Gin his neebour's wife bocht a new bonnet, his ain wife wad be wantin' a newer aye, sin she was feart o' bein' lauchit at by folk as fulish as hersel'."

"Gin Tammy's neebour spent fifty pown' on a dinner pairty, Tammy had to spend saxty, if he didna want to lose his greatness. And a' the while he couldna stop to think that there were folk spendin' hunders o' pown's on dinner-pairties, and yet even these folk were no great eneuch to hae their memories kept by the worl'd a week after they were deid."

"Man, Sandy, ye hae nae need for greatness o' that kind. Ye may hae a motor-car and a man to drive it, and another man to touch his bonnet to ye as ye get up and doon, but that winna mak' a greater

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man o' ye than ye are the noo: And gin the day cam' when ye had spent a' your siller, your man wadna touch his bonnet to ye ony mair, and verra likely wad speak ill o' ye and ca' ye by your richt name."

"Maybe ye're thinkin' that your neebours dinna tak' eneuch notice o' ye, and that gin ye had a motor-car they wad think mair o' ye, but are they a' sic great men and sae intelligent that their guid opeenion o' ye is worrth the price o' a motor-car? Man, Sandy, as faur as the worl'd's opeenion gangs ye may become a great man by pushin' a bairn's cairt frae Maidenkirke tae John o' Groats, and hae your likeness in a' the newspapers o' the airth."

"Dinna fash yoursel' about ony man's motor-car in your street. He's no the final judge o' wha's great, and wha's sma', and it's aye better to be a pig amang kings than a king amang pigs, a' the worl'd ower!"

"If ye want to become great ye can dae it without spendin' the siller that should be laid by for your bairns, so as to gie them the chance o' succeedin' whaur ye hae failed sae meseerably. Lang sin i' Greece there was a pair body wha was nae mair than a slave, wha leaved in a tub sin' he hadna a hoose; but he was that great the worl'd's talkin' about him yet; whereas when your neebour dees his wife 'ull hae to pit an advertisement in the papers in order that the worl'd may ken for the first time that the pair body wha's deid was ever leevin'."

A SALMON STORY.

"I RECKON I've got the smartest dog of any," declared young Jenkins enthusiastically to a doggy friend who hailed from the land of cakes and ale; "he'll do anything I tell him, and a good deal more sometimes. If I throw half-a-sovereign into the water he'll plunge in and get it for me. His honesty is unimpeachable. He wouldn't even do a fellow dog out of a bone."

"Not much in that," replied the canny Scot, with a smile that might have meant anything. "Only the other day I was feeling in want of a bit of fish, so I threw half-a-crown into a loch that contained some salmon. I sent my dog into the water. Out he came with a half-a-pound of salmon and one and sixpence change!"

BOTH IN THE SAME MIND.

A stout woman, bearing a number of bundles, entered a crowded tramcar. The only semblance of a seat she could find was a small space at the right of a smartly dressed youth: Into this space, sufficient only for an individual of ordinary size, the woman squeezed herself, much to the annoyance of the youth.

After a moment or so the woman produced a cheese sandwich, which she proceeded to devour with every evidence of relish.

At this the youth gave her a look of ineffable disgust and drew the skirts of his frock coat closer to him.

"I suppose, me lad," good-naturedly said the woman, "that ye'd prayfer to have a gintleman sittin' nixt to ye?"

"I certainly would!" snapped the youngster. "So would I," calmly responded the stout person;

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that Will Interest You.

Refuses a "Rise."

An L.C.C. schoolmaster has informed the Education Committee that he has no desire to proceed beyond his present salary of £135, as he considers that he is being paid what he is worth.

Saved.

Ten motorists summoned at Newmarket recently for exceeding the speed limit of ten miles an hour, some of whom made no secret that they had intended to plead guilty, escaped without fines owing to one of the police stop-watches being found half a second out.

World's Biggest Bullock.

What is said to be the largest bullock in the world, one which stands 6 ft. high, is 11ft. 2in. long, 8ft. 8in. in girth, has been sent by a stock-breeder in Alberta to the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exhibition at Seattle. He has refused £800 for the animal.

Better than a Silver Spoon.

The first white child born at Calgary, in Alberta, Canada, was endowed by the local authorities twenty-five years ago with a twenty-five-foot plot of land. Calgary is now a prosperous city, and the man has sold the plot for £3,600.

Here's Health.

The rebuilding of San Francisco after the earthquake in 1906 is to be celebrated in the week beginning October 19th, and the city will be declared officially reopened to the world.

On that day eighty million American people will cease work simultaneously and drink a toast in honour of the new city.

Real Tragedy.

During the rehearsal of a cinematograph drama at a Parisian pier, an actor was supposed to fall into the water.

At the proper cue the man duly fell, and the machine registered his struggles, but presently he sank out of sight, and when recovered an hour later was quite dead.

Nicely Sold.

When a crowd had gathered recently to stare up at the tower of Shore-ditch church, new-comers were shown an ominous black line extending down the dome, and the rumour spread that the tower was cracked. The line turned out to be the lightning-conductor. The original crowd had been watching a cockatoo which had settled on the church.

Taught to Eat.

A school has been started in Buda-Pesth where pupils of all ages are given instruction in the art of eating. The chief aim is to teach the ignorant how to deal successfully with difficult dishes. "Who does not recollect in his experience moments of unspeakable anguish," asks the principal, "when at a dinner party he finds that he is using his knife and fork for a dish that only requires a spoon, or vice versa? It is to save men and women from these little tragedies that I have opened my school." Examinations are to be held at the end of each term, and diplomas granted.

Poor Cabby.

At an auctioneer's establishment in London recently several hansom cabs in good condition went for 25s. each, while £6 10s. was the top price. A batch of five horse-collars realised 2s. 6d.; a bundle of ten nosebags 1s., and a chaff-cutting machine (which originally cost £45) made £3 15s.

Sleeping Out.

Ten thousand people slept on the sands at Coney Island, America, recently, owing to the intense heat, which made ordinary dwelling-houses well-nigh unendurable. Scores of policemen patrolled the sea-front all night, and kept thieves away from the weary sleepers, most of whom spent the night in their clothes, but without any other covering.

Drew the Line at Rhubarb.

Thieves who broke into a Westbourne-park, London, residence early one morning recently, took with them anything they could lay their hands on, including jewellery, kitchen utensils, coats, umbrellas, and provisions, but on second thoughts they left in the garden a rhubarb tart which they had meant to add to the loot.

A Few Stories About Well-known Actors and Actresses.

Stage Stories.

An Actor on Dickens.

MR. KYLIE BELLW has been telling lately about his acquaintance with the great novelist Charles Dickens. The author of "Pickwick Papers" used frequently to visit Mr. Bellw's father when the actor was a little boy. "He (Dickens) was always kindly and considerate," says Mr. Bellw, "but all of us children took a violent dislike to his whiskers for some reason or other, and we didn't like his quiet, reserved manner."

"I might be in the room with him for half an hour, and, beyond a casual greeting, he would probably never say a word to me, or look at me, or give me any indication that he was aware of my presence. Thackeray I liked much better."

A Record Study.

MISS FANNIE WARD is one of the quickest "studies" on the stage, and it was largely

due to her wonderful memory that she obtained her chance in the profession. Some years ago she was playing a small part in a drama at Drury Lane, then under the management of Sir Augustus Harris. One night the actress was told that the leading lady was ill, and that she must play her part at the following matinee.

It seemed impossible, but one of the actors comforted her with the words, "Sit up all night and learn the part, then meet me here to-morrow morning, and I'll hear you say it." Miss Ward did so, and just before the performance Sir Augustus Harris nervously retired to his club, fearing greatly the result of the matter.

Later on in the afternoon Mr. Arthur Collins rushed into the club saying: "You must come to the Lane to see the girl!" "Good Heavens!" retorted Sir Augustus. "Is she as bad as all that?"

However, he went, saw Miss Ward, and found her performance so remarkably good that shortly afterwards he offered her a three years' engagement at the Lane, with a salary that literally took her breath away.

Real Pluck.

SIR HERBERT BEEBECHM has his love for his art amounts almost to a passion, and practically nothing will deter him from playing his part, whether he be ill or well. Some years ago he had been working too hard at rehearsals, and had caught so severe a cold that his doctor ordered him to go to bed and stay there.

"For how long?" inquired the actor. "For three weeks at least," was the reply. "Can't do it," said Tree.

"Then you'll die," answered the doctor.

"Oh, no I won't," retorted the other, and he immediately engaged a room next door to the theatre, and went to bed there. But every night, heavily wrapped up, he was carried from his bed to the theatre, where he played his part, and was then swathed in blankets again and assisted back to bed.

Out West.

MR. LOTIS CALVERT tells an amusing story of a visit he paid to America

some time ago. It was at a small western town, and Mr. Calvert strolled into the local barber's shop one morning and sat down for a hair cut. The proprietor did not pay the least attention to him, but went on calmly smoking and looking out of the shop window. At last the actor lost patience and called out angrily: "Do you think you can spare the time to cut my hair to-day?" For reply, the barber rose, stretched himself, took his cigarette out of his mouth, and shouted upstairs to his wife: "Hi! send the kid down to the newspaper office to tell the editor I want my scissors as soon as he's done editing his paper. There's a gent here waiting for a hair cut!"

Kidnapped by Indians.

MISS MAUD ALLAN, the famous dancer, once had an exciting experience with Red Indians when she was a little girl. One day when she was travelling by train in America with her mother, the train stopped at a little wayside station, and a number of Indians came on the platform to sell curios to the passengers. Just as the train was about to start, Miss Allan's mother missed the child. A frantic search was made, but there was no trace of the future dancer. Suddenly someone espied two of the Indian squaws scuttling away towards the prairie with little Maud in between them. Some of the passengers immediately gave chase, and the child was restored to her mother; "but," says Miss Allan, when she tells the story, "it was a very near thing."

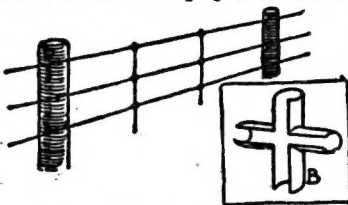
If you've an idea, send it along.

Picture Pars.

We pay half-a-crown for each original picture par. accepted by us.

FENCE ANCHORS.

WHEN the posts of a wire fence are placed a good distance apart the wire will "sag," and a useful way to avoid this is to employ fence anchors. Fig. B shows a



fence anchor, which may be stamped or cut out of flat sheet metal and clamped in position with a pair of strong pin-cers. Short lengths of wire are fixed vertically to the horizontal wires by

means of these anchors, and they exert such a support that it is unnecessary to use so many fencepoles. Fence anchors are a common feature in Australia and New Zealand.

FOREIGN MOTOR SIGNS.

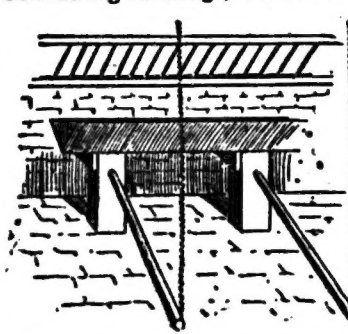
Who that has been along our country roads does not know the meaning of the red triangle and the numbered disc? The motorist, flashing along in his powerful car, heeds their warning and goes slowly. But other countries have different signs. The red triangle merely informs the beholder that danger might lie ahead, but the signs adopted in Italy and the South of France indicate what form the danger takes. For instance, a dangerous turning is represented by a curved arrow, a zig-zag line shows that a crooked street lies ahead, an arrow pointing downwards gives warning of a dangerous hill, and a divided arrow shows that the road is up. Possibly, at some later date these signs will be visible along our roadsides, for they certainly seem to excel our present ones in efficiency.



PREVENTS QUARRELS.

HORSES, like their masters, have likes and dislikes, and chance sometimes throws together those which have no affection for each other—besides, who would not resent having a stranger thrust upon them as bedfellow? Considering all things, it is not surprising that quarrels

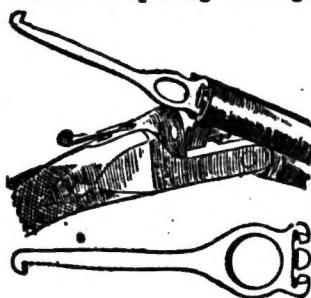
occur with serious kicks as the result. In order to prevent such disturbances it is customary in stables which do not have partitioned stalls to swing strong bars of wood as depicted in the sketch. The bars are fastened at one end to the manger post, the other end being attached to the



rafters above by a long chain. When one horse goes for another, the bar intervenes and prevents mischief, as horses naturally object to kicking a thing which retreats at first, and then returns to give them a sharp rap.

FOR TIGHT-FITTING CARTRIDGES.

WHEN a sporting cartridge is fired the heat often



causes the cartridge-shell to expand, and broken finger nails are sometimes the result if its removal is attempted without artificial aid. Therefore many sportsmen who do not possess self-ejecting guns carry with them the little instrument which we illustrate. The projections (A) are placed over and

grip the rim of the tight-fitting cartridge, and a little pull quickly removes the offender.

A CHEAP CUCUMBER FRAME.

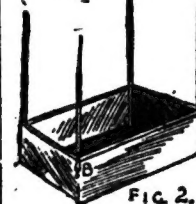
MANY a man who possesses a garden has said to himself, "Ah, if only I had a frame I could grow so and so." Yet he need not despair. For a matter of eighteenpence he can make a small frame capable of growing one good cucumber plant. Obtain a cheap case from the grocers' at the cost of about ninepence. It should be about



eighteen inches deep and as large other ways as possible. The front should be cut down six inches and the two sides sloped to meet it—see picture—and, of course, the top and bottom must be removed. Next get a yard and a quarter of the cheapest brown calico at the cost of fourpence, a pennyworth of tacks, and a quarter of a pint of raw linseed oil. Then stretch the material over the frame, tack it down, and oil it. When air is needed tilt the frame up with a brick or piece of board.

PLANT PACKING.

NURSERYMEN who send out plants to customers living far away insure that their cultivations will not be crushed during transit, by constructing a light frame over the box as seen in the first sketch. Simple as the



fixing of this frame looks, however, it is not to be lightly undertaken unless the correct way to do it is known. Fig. 2 illustrates how the foundation is laid. A wand about four feet long is placed in one corner of the box and a thin wire nail (A) is partly driven into the end. A piece of twine is wrapped a few times round the wand and nail, and tied. The nail is then bent over as at B. This process is repeated at the three remaining corners. Then the wands are bent over diagonally to meet each other, and the ends of each are bound round; the act of bending naturally tightens

The Romance of the Alphabet

Telling how our Alphabet has been built up from the Ancient Egyptian Signs and Characters.

How many people give a second thought to the letters of the English alphabet, most of which they use nearly every day in the week? And yet our letters come of a very good old family that goes back farther than any of us could possibly hope to trace our descent.

To get at the original ancestors of our A B C it is necessary to go as far back as the ancient Egyptians,



Δ A

Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek and also Latin A. In this case, the modern Greek A is similar to the Latin or English character. By following the pictures, you will see that this occurs with many other letters.

specimens of whose writing you may see in the British Museum at the present day, although it is doubtful whether you would be able to recognise any of our own characters in the mysterious inscriptions there on view.

For, of course, during the course of ages the letters have changed pretty considerably, which is only natural when you remember that they passed from the Egyptians



Β B

Egyptian, Phœnician, Ancient Greek, and Modern Greek B's

to the Phœnicians, from the Phœnicians to the Greeks, from the Greeks to the Romans, and from the Romans to ourselves.

Here are a few examples of how some of the letters have arrived at their present formation.

Take A, for instance. In the picture writing of the

□ M E

First two are Egyptian, other two Ancient and Modern Greek E's.

Egyptians he was originally an eagle, though not a very fierce one apparently, as you may see by glancing at the first illustration.

As the years went by writers seem to have had less time to devote to their writing; at any rate, this somewhat elaborate bird became reduced to a beak with a line through it, as in the second figure, and finally the beak was set point upwards, and our own letter A thus appeared.

B had for ancestor a crane, the bird in the second picture, but like all the other letters this one, too, had to suffer contraction as time went by, and the second figure



Egyptian,



Phœnician,



and Greek B's.

shows a very simple outline which, without any great stretch of imagination, may be seen to bear some resemblance to the wing and leg of the original bird. Why the lower curve was added to this letter is uncertain, but in course of time it not only took on a second curve, but was also turned round and so became our present B.

E has been through several stages before reaching his



Egyptian,



Greek, and Modern L.

present upright position. He started as the first figure in the third illustration; then he shed a line and became as in the second figure, developing in the course of centuries into the third figure. He was then turned completely round and became an up-to-date E.

F comes from the Asp of Egypt (Picture No. 4), but even this was too complicated a picture to continue permanently in use, and in the second figure we see a much easier



Egyptian,



Phœnician,



and Greek M's.

outline which, in its turn, gives place to the third figure, between which and our own F there is a very short step.

L is descended from a lioness (Picture No. 5), but the shortening process in this case was more rapid than usual, for they took the back line and foreleg of the animal and threw them together, as in the second figure, thus leaving

scarcely any likeness to the original. A further shifting of the lines produced our present L.

In M we get back to the birds again, for M is the remains of an owl, although you might not know it unless you were told. M was once a handsome bird like the sixth illustration, but the journalists of the day probably objected to doing artists' work as well; at any rate, they cut the owl down to a mere outline of its ears (see the second



Egyptian,



Phœnician, and Greek N's



figure), and these, after being straightened out, as in the third figure, became M.

The seventh picture shows you what N used once to be. His progress (see the second and third figures) was not unlike that of M, but before reaching his final form he had to be turned round and given a more balanced outline.

R was once the picture of a mouth, as in the eighth illustration, and is remarkable for the fact that, instead of growing simpler in outline as the ages advanced, it has become more complicated. The second figure is a simple enough form, but the third, fourth, and fifth figures take longer to form than would be the case in the original picture writing shown in this illustration.

Considering that Z started life as the complicated duck given in the last illustration, he has really retained his outline better than most of the other letters that were once



Egyptian,

Greek, and

Latin or English R's.

birds or animals. In addition to this, his present appearance is more picturesque than that shown in the second figure of the illustration.

The alphabet, in fact, has sprung from the old picture writing of the ancients, and is believed by authorities to have been constructed about twenty centuries before the birth of Christ.

The picture writing can be seen on the sarcophagi and



Egyptian, Z's;



Greek Z.

monuments from Egypt that are on show at the British Museum, and if you are interested in the subject, you should pay a visit to the great Russell Street collection.

PLEASE READ THIS.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE RICH.

DEAR RICH,—

Excuse me writing to you; and if you say there's nothing to excuse, because I'm not writing to you, because you're not rich, then what I say is simply this: "I don't think!" What! Not rich? And you with a shilling in your pocket! I don't think! Everybody with a shilling in his pocket is rich—alongside o' me. For why? I ain't got a shilling, and I ain't likely to get one.

No, nor a good many other things, neither. I ain't likely to get a holiday in Switzerland just at present. In fact, I ain't much likely to get a holiday at all. It was so last year; what with one thing and another—helping mother, minding the baby, running errands, and doing odd jobs—very odd jobs they were sometimes, I can tell you—as I was saying, I was quite unable to manage to leave town last year.

Not but what the Fresh Air Fund didn't come down our way. Hoh, yes! The Fresh Air Fund came down our way, and many a poor boy and girl it took away for a day's holiday in the country. But it didn't take me, nor a good many others neither; and that is why I now take my pen to write these few lines to you.

Now the Prince of Wales, he went along with some of the Fresh Air Fund children last year, to see how they enjoyed themselves when they got taken for a holiday in the country; and when he had seen a party of a thousand children, from the poor parts of Whitehouse and Stepney and Wapping, and all about the place, sporting in the glades of Epping Forest, he up and said: "It is a noble work the Fresh Air Fund is doing. It is sad to see the children in so much need, but it is a fine thing to be able to get them into the country for a day."

And I will just tell you what you would do if you were a poor boy what lived in a slum, like me. You would wish hard that some rich person would send along the ninepence which would give you a holiday. That you would, and no error. So I must stop. Hoping this letter will find you looking forward to a summer holiday as much as I do,—I am, yours truly.

ONE-OF-THE-QUARTER-OF-A-MILLION-POOR-CHILDREN-OF-THE-LARGEST-TOWNS-IN-THE-UNITED-KINGDOM-WHO HOPE-THE-FRESH-AIR-FUND-MAY-SEND-THEM-FOR-A-DAY'S-OUTING-IN-THE-COUNTRY.

"AND you really mean to tell me that a clairvoyant foretold your late husband's death?"
"Yes, indeed. She said there were brighter days in store for me."

MASHINGTON (who is taking his leave): "Aw—it seems to me, Miss Morleigh, I've forgotten something. Aw—let me see."

Miss Morleigh: "Your gloves, perhaps?"
Mashington: "Oh, no. Now I wemembah: Aw—will you mawwy me?"

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

"Now that you have become so wealthy," said the millionaire's friend, "do you find that people bother you with begging letters?"

"They write 'em," answered the magnate, "but they don't bother me. They will inclose stamps for a reply, and I have my secretary reply on postcards, encouraging them to write again. Every little bit helps."

CLARENCE: "Miss Wilson has brain enough for two, by Jove!"

Florence: "Then why don't you marry her?"

LATE one evening a doctor received a note from a couple of fellow practitioners saying, "Pray step across to the club. We are one short for a game of bridge."
"Emily, dear," he said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case; there are two doctors in attendance."

JOY FOR JIM.

THEY were two Tommies, and, having wandered far from the paths of civilisation, had been captured by the minions of a savage chief, who ordered them to be whipped and sent to gather fruit. The first returned laden with grapes:

"What bringest thou?" demanded the chieftain:

"Grapes, your Highness."

"Then swallow them whole."

A peal of laughter rang out:

"Paleface," demanded the savage, "why do you laugh?"

"Sorry, your nobleness, I was just thinking of my poor chum Jim; he's bringing coconuts!"

ISLANDS OF MYSTERY.

THE *Nimrod*, Lieutenant Shackleton's ship, is going to try and locate the mysterious Dougherty Island, concerning whose actual existence there is considerable doubt, although it is marked on most maps.

Captain Scott, who commanded the Antarctic expedition of 1904-5, searched for it in vain, cruising up and down continuously for several days in the latitude and longitude assigned to it, and eventually was forced to come to the conclusion that there was no such island.

On the other hand, Captain Dougherty, of the whaler *James Stewart*, who claimed to have discovered it in 1841, maintained to his dying day that it was land he saw, and not ice, as some unkind sceptics hinted; and his claim was borne out later on by Captain Keates, of the *Louise of Bristol*, who, in 1859, sailed close under the island's lee—or at least he said he did.

The *Nimrod* is also going to try to find the *Nimrod* Islands, which Captain Eilbeck—who by a curious coincidence commanded a ship having the same name as Shackleton's—laid claim to have discovered in 1824 while voyaging from Port Jackson round Cape Horn. His account of his discovery was most circumstantial, and was corroborated by his crew. The principal island of the group was, he said, a "lofty, saddle-backed mass of rock, almost bare of snow, but having an iceberg aground on its eastern extremity."

There is a realism about this description which rings true. Yet Captain Biscoe sought ineffectually for the islands in 1831 in the interests of science, and since then quite a dozen commercial expeditions have tried to locate them because of the seals they expected to find there, but with no better result. It remains to be seen whether the present try will be more successful.

To the uninitiated it may seem an easy thing to ascertain whether or no an island really exists, provided its latitude and longitude are known. And so it would be, no doubt, if the Antarctic weather were always clear, in place of being always foggy, and the Antarctic seas open, instead of being uncumbered with pack ice.

MAGISTRATE: "What is your occupation?"

Prisoner: "I am an employer of labour, your honour."

Magistrate: "Well, what do you do?"

Prisoner: "I find employment for such gentlemen as yourself and prison officials."

Sentence: Six months' hard!

The man who learns that he has inherited a fortune doesn't obtain half as much joy from the information as the slum mite who hears that the F.A.F. intends giving him a day in the country.

Our Courts

WEEK BY WEEK.

Little Incidents Recorded from
the Daily Papers that have
Caused the Courts to Smile.

HADN'T GOT TUPPENOE.

MAGISTRATE, at Old Bailey: "Why do you want me to sentence you to death?"
Prisoner: "I want a hair cut."

A GENTLEMAN DEFINED.

JUDGE WILLIS: "What do you mean by 'a gentleman'?"
Witness: "Well, he lives in a big house and keeps a lot of servants, and he does no work."

A GLASS DISTINCTION.

MAGISTRATE, at Clerkenwell: "What woman were you speaking to?"
Witness (indignantly): "It was my young lady."

IN CHARGE OF THE LIGHT.

JUDGE WILLIS (at Southwark to a woman witness): "What is your husband, madam?"
Witness: "He is in the theatrical line, sir."
Judge Willis: "Oh, does he play?"
Witness: "No, he's in the gas."

NOT A LITTLE CHILD.

CORONER, at City of London: "There is another witness, a Little Child."
Officer: "Begging your pardon, sir, he's a bearded man."
Witness: "My name's Littlechild."

THE COURT COALMAN.

JUDGE, at Willenden: "You are fined five shillings."
Prisoner: "Give me a few days to pay. I am all right. I serves the Court with coke."

FEAR OF THE MAN IN BLUE.

"All boys run when they see a policeman," said a father at Old Street Police-court, London, as a defence of his boy.
The Magistrate: "Oh, no! If they did, they would always be running."

CHAUFFEUR AS SHOVER.

"Is the defendant a chauffeur?" asked the Registrar of the Kingston County Court recently to a witness.
Witness: "No, sir; he is a shover. His car hardly ever goes by itself."

ASLEEP SOMETIMES.

"Are you always drunk?" a man was asked at East Ham.
Defendant (with dignity): "No, sir; sometimes I'm asleep."

GONE UNDER.

WITNESS: "He's gone down under."
Judge (puzzled): "Gone down under?"
Witness: "Dead and buried, then, sir."
Judge: "Then say so! I thought you meant he was working somewhere underground."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE Bow Street Magistrate (to a man who had been fined 5s. for being drunk): "Can you pay?"
The Accused: "Not to-day, your worship. The pawnshops ain't open."

HE MEANT JU-JITSU.

"How did you manage to catch this man?" asked the magistrate at Marlborough Street Police-court.
Witness: "I gripped him in the 'Jew-gipsy' style."

HARD LUCK.

"If you were not drunk, what upset you?"
"Some one put tobacco-dust in my beer," said a defendant at Highgate.

ONLY GAELIC.

AT the Thames Police-court.
The Chief Clerk: "What is this woman charged with?"
Constable: "Using bad language, sir."
Prisoner: "Oh, my dear sir, I was speaking Gaelic. I never swear!"

COULDN'T SPEAK IT.

"Don't you understand English?" asked a magistrate at Bangor.
"No, not a bit," replied the defendant.

A FRIEND? NO!

"Are you a friend of the defendant?" asked his Honour Judge Selfe at the West London County Court.
"No," replied a buxom lady. "I'm his mother-in-law."

[Dora Theor, "the coming Tetrizzini," is the youngest prima donna in the world. She is only sixteen, and is the leading lady of the City of Rome Children's Opera Company, a remarkable body of juveniles who have recently opened for a season at Terry's Theatre, preparatory to touring the provinces.]

The Coming Tetrizzini

Stories of Dora Theor by Herself.



I was twelve years old when I ran away from home one day and went on the stage. Since I was eight I had always longed to be singing and acting in real theatres, but I was very frightened when I met the manager whom I went to and he asked me my name and told me to sing to him a trial song.

I told him a false name because I was afraid that my father might find out where I had gone, and my throat seemed to shut itself when I sang.

But the manager was kind, and took me in his company. For two years I went about Italy, and then one night in Rome my parents saw me on the stage. But they were kind, too, and because they saw how much I loved my work they said I might go on with it.

And I do love my work—my singing—better than anything else. To me it is the first thing in the world. I could not bear to give it up. To be a great artiste is the thing I want most of all. I hope I may be one some day.

To say which is my favourite part is difficult, but I think that I do not like one better than that of Lucia in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. I am always happy when I am playing that part.

When I first go on the stage I am very frightened, but I soon forget that if the audience is kind to me. I was afraid when I first played in London, because you will have only what is very good there. But now I'm not so afraid of the London people—they are good and sympathetic to the stranger.

Terrible London.

But London! It is terrible, so big and busy is it. The streets and all the people and horses and motors in them make my head in confusion. I cannot find why there are not many, many accidents. Perhaps it is the police that stop them.

They are fine, these police. I have never seen men so charming in other countries. Your policeman just holds

Who is the most powerful man in England? The Chancellor of the Exchequer says it seems to be Lord Rothschild. And one is tempted to think there may be something in it when it is pointed out that Lord Rothschild is the official head of a firm controlling

four hundred million pounds sterling. The Rothschilds are said to have doubled their wealth in eighteen years, and if the present rate continues they will be absolute masters of some two thousand millions by the middle of the present century.

For the last hundred years or so the London house of the Rothschilds has been constantly mixed up with the history of England.

Transported Specie to Wellington.

While the Peninsular War was raging, Wellington was greatly hampered for the want of ready money. The Government were not unwilling to let him have more, but the difficulty of transporting the specie from England to Spain was regarded as almost insuperable. Mr. Nathan Rothschild came forward and offered to transport the money, taking all risks, for an annual subsidy of £150,000. The Government thankfully accepted, and Nathan raked in a tidy fortune over the transaction.

One of his greatest coups was brought about immediately after the Battle of Waterloo, when he had staked everything on the overthrow of Napoleon and the victory of Wellington.

He was on the Continent when he heard the news of the great victory, and he posted off to London as hard as he could. He was the only man on the Stock Exchange who knew the truth, for all sorts of panic-stricken rumours were flying about the City.

It was known that he stood to lose enormously in the event of a British defeat, and when he wandered disconsolately about the Exchange it was taken for granted that he had definite news of a French victory, and the brokers sold frantically.

But all the time his agents were buying stocks for all they were worth, while the old man himself did his best to look utterly discouraged. When official information arrived, prices shot up, and Nathan cleared something like a million.

A few years later the Rothschilds came to the aid of the Bank of England during what was probably the most serious crisis in its career. A great commercial panic suddenly took hold of the country, and in the resultant smash an enormous number of small banks were forced to close their doors.

The great Bank in Threadneedle Street began to feel the strain. A "run" commenced, which grew in proportions until it was feared the "Old Lady" herself would have to share the fate of the smaller firms. The house of Rothschild again took a hand in affairs, and

up one finger and then all—everything—must stop for me to walk over the road. It is wonderful.

Yes, London is wonderful, but for opera you must go to Spain. In Spain they are quick to help you. They get excited and shout and

clap, and then you also on the stage get excited and forget all but your part, and so the opera is splendid. I have played in many countries, but Spain is the best.

Everyone on the stage receives many presents, and people have given me lots of beautiful jewels. One day someone gave me a snake in gold. It was nice, but I said, "Will you please give me a real snake instead."

They did; and now this snake is my best pet. I did not bring him to England with me for fear he should die on the journey. It was a pity I left him, for he has bitten and killed one of my cats. I had three for presents.

Sent Him About His Business.

Once when I was playing in Turkey a very old man said he was in love with me, and he asked me to marry him. He had much money—more than four millions of your English pounds—but he was seventy years old, and I did not like him.

I said, "No, thank you," and sent him about his business as you say. Lots of people say they want to marry me, but I do not take any notice of them. How can they want to marry me if they do not know what I am like, if they have only seen me on the stage? It is foolish.

As I have said, my art is the first thing in my life, but I like very much to travel and see new things and countries and people.

I have not what you call a "hobby," but it amuses me a great deal to cut people's hair for them. I know how to do this well, and some of my friends and the children in our company let me cut their hair.

If I ever lose my voice I might open a hair-dressing shop!

A LADY in the Lake district, having sent an order for a joint of mutton to the butcher who usually supplied the wants of her household, received the following note in reply:

"Dear Mum,—I am sorry I have not killed myself this week, but you can have a leg off my brother."

Dictator of England

Some Stories of Lord Rothschild.



aided by their money, the Bank of England and several other banks managed to weather the storm.

From first to last old Mr. Rothschild is supposed to have lent £180,000,000 to various Governments, but after successfully helping the country through the Railway

Panic, a new era for the Rothschilds set in.

The Government decided that, instead of borrowing huge sums from the Rothschilds, they would apply direct to the nation and thus save commission. After this the Rothschilds turned their attention to various commercial undertakings, including railways, mining, and banking, but they were still ready to open their purse-strings to the Government in an emergency.

The most remarkable instance of this was given at the time of the famous purchase of the Khedive's Suez Canal shares. An English journalist heard that the Khedive wanted to sell his shares, and, knowing how important it was that England should secure them, he rushed off to the Prime Minister.

The Minister listened to his story with some excitement. It would be a splendid thing, he knew, if this country could secure the shares, but he had no money at his disposal, and it was impossible to make the affair public by applying to Parliament.

In his extremity he thought of Baron Rothschild, and in a short time he was in the financier's office, laying his plans before him. Baron Rothschild agreed to lend the five millions odd that the Khedive wanted for his shares, and declared himself willing to take the risk of Parliament refusing to approve of the Government's action. The news of the sale was soon public, and Parliament made little difficulty about the repayment.

One of King Edward's Friends.

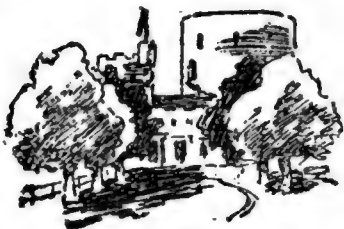
Lord Rothschild is one of King Edward's most intimate friends, and it was at his magnificent house in Piccadilly that was held the first ball attended by their Majesties after the death of Queen Victoria. At this famous ball the King's rule of "knee-breeches and decorations" was enforced, and the rumour ran round the clubs that quite a large number of young men decided to stay away because they feared to expose their calves to unfriendly criticism.

Whenever there is anything wrong financially, it is to Lord Rothschild that men turn, and as a result he is one of the busiest men in the City. Jay Gould, the American millionaire, found this out when he went to call on him. He sent in his name, and the message came back that Lord Rothschild was sorry, but he was too busy to see him.

Gould could scarcely believe his ears. "Go back and tell him," he insisted, "that I am Mr. Jay Gould, the American millionaire."

But even that failed to move Lord Rothschild, who sent out the biting reply, "Tell Mr. Gould that England is not for sale."

"Waste not want not." But nobody outside Bedlam would say you were wasting your money if you spent fourpence on THE NOVEL MAGAZINE.



The Story of an Actress's Mistake.

A Fair Claimant



By EDWARD CROFTON.

"Well, well, well, to be sure, but this is something out of the common, and no mistake," said Mr. Grimthorpe, the senior partner of Messrs. Grimthorpe, Wells, & Co., the well-known solicitors of Lincoln's Inn Fields, as he held a sheet of notepaper in his hand and sniffed with a puzzled air the dainty aroma which emanated from it.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Wells, looking up from the mass of papers he had been examining.

"Oh, only a claimant for the Belton title and estates!" he replied, with a dry chuckle. "A considerate sort of claimant, too, for she writes—"

"Then it's a lady?"

"Well, an actress," was the non-committal reply. "She is quite sure that Lord Belton has no right to the title and estates, but, feeling that the shock might be too much for him all at once, she has written to us, so that we might break it gently to him."

Mr. Wells laughed.

"Is that the letter?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Grimthorpe, handing it to him.

"Belton is calling here this morning about those leases. I hope the shock won't be too much for him when he learns of his reverse of fortune."

Mr. Wells looked at the scented note with an amused smile. It ran as follows:

"Folly Theatre, Strand, W.O.

"To Messrs. Grimthorpe and Wells,
"Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

"Gentlemen,—After much inquiry, I have at length ascertained that you are solicitors to the gentleman who has hitherto been known as Lord Belton."

"That 'hitherto' is good, isn't it?" interjected Mr. Grimthorpe.

"I have just returned from America," continued Mr. Wells, reading the letter, "and have brought back full and conclusive proofs, which my mother has collected, that my late father was the real Lord Belton, and that therefore the title and estates belong to me as his sole heiress. I write this note to you in a quiet and friendly way, so that everything may be settled up without any fuss or bother, and especially that the gentleman who now bears the title may not have the news broken too suddenly to him."

Mr. Wells had to pause for a moment while he burst into such a hearty fit of laughter as had probably never before been heard in that office.

"She's considerate, anyhow," said Mr. Grimthorpe, chuckling.

"I do not, of course, know," continued Mr. Wells, reading, "what will be the effect of the settlement, but if the gentleman who now holds the title—"

"She's got that phrase pat," commented the old lawyer.

"—should have no other income or resources, I am quite prepared to deal generously by him, especially as he is, I suppose, a blood relation of some sort."

"About as much as a blood orange," said Mr. Grimthorpe.

"Your early attention to the matter will oblige, as I am anxious to send for my mother as soon as possible, and I also wish to take up my residence at the castle at an early date.—Yours truly,"

"Cissie Belton."

Both men stared at each other for a moment, and then the unwonted sounds of laughter once more filled the dingy office.

"What shall we do with it?" asked Mr. Grimthorpe.

"Frame it as a curio," suggested his partner.

"Egad! I've half a mind to show it to Belton when he comes."

"And why not? It's the proper thing to do, so that you may get his instructions. Besides, Belton is a good sort of chap, although he is such a quiet kind of stick, and it would be a pity to rob him of such a good joke."

"Then I'll show it to him," was the decision, and then both men, having wasted enough time on the joke of Miss Cissie Belton and her letter, resumed their usual routine of work.

About half an hour later Lord Belton arrived, and listened to Mr. Grimthorpe's explanation of certain voluminous documents, appending his name to such of them as the lawyer advised.

He was a tall man of quiet demeanour, a little over forty, but looking older, probably owing to the premature whitening of his hair over the temples.

When the business for which he had come had been transacted, he rose and was about to go, when the lawyer stopped him.

"I received a rather curious letter this morning," he said, "which your lordship might be amused to see"—and he handed him the missive from the young lady of the Folly Theatre.

Lord Belton took the letter and began to peruse it. As he proceeded, a smile overspread his features, which melted into a look of pity as he neared the end.

"Poor girl," he said, "how disappointed she will be!"

"Your lordship views the matter in a very kindly spirit. Many people would resent her presumption."

"She is so eager to get what, after all, might bring her no happiness."

"And what am I to do about it?" asked the lawyer, who was unprepared for the introduction of sentiment in such a ridiculous matter.

"Write to Miss Belton, and tell her I shall be pleased



to see her at Grosvenor Square and discuss her claim. Good morning!"

"Well, I'm hanged!" said the lawyer as the door closed on his aristocratic client. "But, there, it's no business of mine"—and he touched the bell and dictated a letter to Miss Belton, which that young lady received at the stage-door of the Folly Theatre the same evening.

Three other young ladies shared the dressing-room in which Miss Cissie Belton donned the many gorgeous gowns which enhanced her undoubted beauty as she appeared nightly in the latest Folly success, *The Girl From the Stores*.

All the girls crowded round her as she spread the letter out on her dressing-table.

It was a formal note from Messrs. Grimthorpe & Wells to say their client, Lord Belton, would be pleased if Miss Belton would call on him at his residence in Grosvenor Square any morning to suit her convenience.

"Oh, my!" was the chorus which greeted the perusal of this wonderful document.

"And who is this Lord Belton?" asked Addie.

"That," said Cissie, with a judicial air, "is the gentleman who is at present known by my title."

"Well, Cissie," said Lily, "when you do see him, be careful, and don't be done out of your rights."

"Anyhow," decided Maggie Dunkly, "it's a jolly nice and civil letter."

"I don't think so," replied Cissie.

"Why?"

"Don't you think it's cheek to speak of Lord Belton's residence, when it's mine? And so is the castle and everything else."

"Beginners, please!"

The shout of the call-boy outside sent each scurrying back to her dressing-table.

The following morning Cissie Belton put in an early appearance at the address given by the solicitors in Grosvenor Square. Her visit was apparently expected, as the solemn-visaged butler who opened the door at once showed her into a sitting-room when she mentioned her name on handing him a card.

"Miss Belton, I presume?" said Lord Belton as he entered, and motioned her to resume the seat from which she had risen.

"Yes," she replied, "I am Miss Cissie Belton. And you are—?"

"Lord Belton."

Cissie remembered the advice she had received in the dressing-room of the Folly, to be careful and not be done out of her rights.

"Let us say for the moment that you are called Lord Belton; but you know, I suppose, that the title and—everything belongs to me by right?"

"I have heard from my solicitors that you claim—er—the title and—er—everything," he replied gravely. "May I ask the grounds on which you advance your claims, for I presume you would like to settle up matters in a quiet and friendly manner?"

"Oh, yes; there is no need to have any bother about it!" she assured him. "And I may say that I don't want to be greedy over the affair. I daresay we are blood relations of a sort, and it must come hard on you to suddenly lose all that you thought was yours."

"It is very kind of you to be so considerate," he said, with a smile; "but I can assure you that I do not value these things so much as you probably suppose. I roughed it for many years in California, and never for a moment dreamed that the title would come to me. I was very happy in that rough but free style of living, and I do not think that the Belton title and estates have made me any happier. But I must not trouble you with my history. You have come to tell me something about yourself."

"Well," said Cissie, "the story is very plain, and soon told. My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather lived in America, but they were English, for all that. My mother has all the books which make the history of the family quite clear, and in the family Bible, where all our names are, it is there, plain as a pikestaff, 'John Belton, Shodbury, Worcestershire,' and the date when he was born, when he was baptised, and when he went to America. She also has the date when the succession to the title went to a distant branch of the family. You know of that?"

Lord Belton nodded acquiescently.

"Well, that was when we should have come in, as we were in the direct line; but grandfather never was business-like, and father never bothered about anything. But

mother said to me that when I came to England it was my first duty to assert the rights of our family."

Lord Belton listened attentively and gravely to the story of the farm-life in America from which had sprung one of the celebrated beauties of the Folly Theatre.

"Well, Miss Belton," said he, "you may rest assured that I will not for a moment stand in your way. I will instruct my solicitors to have the particulars of the family from the date of your great-grandfather's birth made out for your information, and then whatever has to be done will be done in a quiet and friendly fashion."

"Well, Lord Belton—for I suppose it will be better to call you Lord Belton—"

"It can do no harm for the time being, anyhow," he said, with a smile.

"You are real nice about it all, I must say."

"And meanwhile," said he, "as we are to settle this matter in a friendly way, do you mind if I go to the Folly Theatre to-night to see the piece in which you are appearing, and, as it may help us to be better acquainted, perhaps you and some lady friend of yours would join me afterwards for supper at the Savoy?"

There was considerable excitement in the dressing-room that evening when Cissie reported the result of her visit to Grosvenor Square, and the heroine of the incident might have had quite a choice of chaperone.

Lord Belton arrived before the curtain rose, and occupied a private box in solitary state.

He was waiting dutifully for Cissie at the stage-door after the performance. She introduced him to Miss Dunkly, and he then handed both ladies into his sumptuous motor-car and told the chauffeur to drive to the Savoy.

The following three weeks was a gay whirl of amusements, varied by the purchase of handsome presents, which Lord Belton gave not only to Cissie, but to several of her special friends in the theatre. On all hands he was voted "one of the best," and Cissie so agreed with the general verdict that she felt she could not remind him that time was flying, and that she was as yet no nearer entering into the possession of the Belton title and estates.

The reminder, however, came at last from himself.

"Don't you think, little woman," he said, as he handed her into her brougham after they had had supper at the Carlton one night, "that it is time we settled up our little family affairs? Come round and see me to-morrow, and I shall have everything ready for you."

The following morning she was once more ushered into the sumptuous morning-room at Grosvenor Square.

"I am sorry, Miss Belton," began his lordship, "that I cannot agree that you have made good your claim. I could have told you when you first called, but I thought the disappointment would have been too great for you. Besides, if I had done so we should not have had an opportunity of becoming such friends."

"We are friends right enough, Lord Belton," she replied; "but I should like to know where's the mistake. Mother doesn't usually go far wrong."

"Have you never heard of the directories in which the various titled and county families are printed?"

"I can't say I have."

"Well, here is one, and here you will see all about my family. In the first place, you see, our name is McLeod, and that our title is derived from Fort Belton, our place in Kincardineshire, for we are a Scottish family. You will also see that the title was granted in the fourteenth century—Oh, my dear little girl, don't take it to heart so! I am so sorry, but—"

For Cissie was now weeping bitterly.

"It isn't the title I mind," she sobbed, "or the castle, or the riches; but—but—"

"But what, dear?" he asked soothingly.

"That I've been making such a fool of myself. Oh, I wish mother had never kept that Bible! I've been telling the girls that I was going to be Lady Belton, and now how can I face them and tell them I'm going to be nothing of the sort?"

"But why tell them anything of the sort? Why not be Lady Belton?"

"Lady Belton!"

"Look here, little woman, my life has been roughed far away from here, in the wild country that you know and that I know. I inherited this title by the merest chance. I have made few friends in London, and, with all my wealth, I still have not got a home. When I met you, I felt that you could give me that home. Since meeting you I have learned to love you. Do you care for me? Can you love me? Will you be Lady Belton?"

A few weeks afterwards, when Lord Belton was married by special licence, the papers once more had a temporary sensation under the usual heading: "A Stage Romance: Another Folly Girl Weds a Peer."

The evening papers were eagerly scanned in the dressing-rooms of the Folly Theatre that evening.

"I guess," said Addie Cullen, "that Cissie's been and made a fool of herself. No doubt she was entitled to that peerage in her own right, and he just married her to save himself from being chucked out."

"Well, he was real nice, anyhow," said Maggie Dunkly, "and I guess she'll be happy."



Should Men wear Pretty Clothes?

The Pros and Cons of Picturesque Masculine Dress Discussed by Some Well-known People.

(Modern man is anything but picturesque in his attire, except perhaps when he dons uniform or other special habiliments for special occasions. But the average man makes no attempt to artistic beauty in his dress. Should this be otherwise? Should we revert to the days when man outshone, or at least equalled woman in the splendour and variety of his wardrobe? Here are the opinions of some famous men and women of the day.)

"LUCAS MALET,"

author of such powerful novels as "The Wages of Sin," "History of Sir Richard Calmady," "The Far Horizon," and, in the opinion of many, our greatest living woman-writer:

PERSONALLY, I should regret to see any attempt on the part of the average Englishman to become picturesque. He is quite the best-dressed of men on conventional lines, and I trust he may see fit to be content with this achievement. The possible result of an attempt at picturesqueness rather appals me. I can see certain individuals of my acquaintance blossoming into garments calculated to collect a crowd and seriously impede the traffic!

Viscount HELMSLEY, M.P.,

Unionist Member for Thirsk and Malton Division, North Riding, Yorks.

I HAVE not had time to devote much thought to "Should Men Wear Pretty Clothes?" It seems to me more important that they should be comfortable. One of the chief drawbacks to man's comfort in the present day is incessant letter-writing; so please excuse any further contribution.

Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS,

the eminent poet and prose-writer, who holds a high place in the world of letters:

THE immediate consequence of an attempt to make men more "picturesque," as you put it, would be a counter attempt on the part of women to make themselves less so, and the consequence of that would be an irreparable loss to the visible pleasures of the world.

Foolish women try to do the same things that men do, and the most foolish things that men do, such as play hockey and vote. But sensible women try to keep themselves what they are, and to make the most of the contrast between themselves and men.

Now, if men began to pay what are now considered

feminine attentions to clothes, women, and especially the sensible women, would be so shocked by the unnaturalness of the rivalry that they would immediately give up all the delightful tricks of their fashions, and settle down into plain, uniform homeliness in the vehemence of their protest against the borrowed lace and velvet of men. The presence of a few exquisite dandies would be a poor compensation for the eclipse of a world of beautifully-dressed women.

Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

(Mrs. A. L. Felkin),

who won lasting fame with her novel "Concerning Isabel Carnaby."

If I were called upon to design a picturesque costume for man, I could suggest nothing more charming than ordinary black velvet Court dress, as worn at Levées and Courts to-day.

Mr. L. RAVEN HILL,

the famous Punch artist, sends the following novel suggestion for adding to the sartorial beauty of man and incidentally to the gaiety of nations:

PAINT part of him pink and the rest sky blue!

Madame LIZA LEHMANN,

the brilliant composer, who at one period in her career was the most popular concert-singer:

I CERTAINLY think the average Englishman most unpicturesque, and own to a fondness for the Highland dress for men.

BROWN: "Let us cross the street. I see Smith coming, and I don't want to meet him. I owe him a little money."
ROBINSON: "You're all right here. He'll cross the street as soon as he sees us. He owes me money."

MISS TOWNSEND: "What a good likeness."

Mr. Greenwood: "No, it isn't. I was not well, and I looked like an idiot that morning."

Miss Townsend (intently studying the photograph): "Well, it looks exactly like you, anyway."

NEAREST.

A SMALL boy returned home from a Glasgow school the other afternoon, proudly exhibiting a book which he triumphantly declared he had won for natural history.

"Natural history, laddie. Loeh, you're far over young for natural history. Hoo did it happen?" asked his mother.

"Weel, the teacher asked hoo many legs an ostrich had, and I said three."

"But an ostrich only has two legs," said his mother.

"I ken," said the urchin, "but a' the rest o' the chaps said fower."

A \$100,000,000 DITCH.

THE papers, in announcing the death the other day near Toulon, of that eminent French engineer, M. Lucien Napoleon Wyse, spoke of him as being the first man to conceive the idea of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama.

This, of course, is altogether wrong. Ever since, almost, the Isthmus was discovered by Europeans, people have been advocating this fascinating scheme, which looks so absurdly easy on paper, but which is, in fact, so tremendously difficult.

Probably the first man to actually attempt to carry the design into execution was the buccaneer, Lolonois, who, nearly three hundred years back, set a few hundred wretched captives to work digging a trench landward from Colon with split bamboos.

The disturbance in this way of the putrid soil, however, proved frightfully fatal to the disturbers. They died by scores daily, and even "Lolonois the Cruel," as he was dubbed, saw the futility of further sacrifice of life, and gave orders to the survivors to desist.

Later on Basco, Gramont, Van Horn, and even the astute Morgan, became enamoured of the idea, and once or twice some desultory efforts were made to restart the work that Lolonois had abandoned. But nothing came of them. In fact, indeed, nothing could come of them. But to the buccaneers all things seemed possible.

The first man to move in the matter of the actual canal that is now within measurable distance of completion was, of course, De Lesseps, who cut through the Isthmus of Suez. But long prior to his appearance upon the scene a ship canal had been projected by this country under what was known at the time (1850) as the Bulwer-Clayton treaty.

It was well for us, however, that the project was abandoned, for according to the most sanguine estimates, the present canal even will not be open for traffic until 1915, when over £100,000,000 will have been expended upon it. And this is the "ditch" Lolonois was going to dig with bamboos.

SELF-MADE, BUT BALD.

SCENE: A crowded railway carriage.

Bald-headed, Pompous Old Man, addressing passengers: "Talk about the poor of England, it's their own fault! Now, just look at me. I'm a self-made man, and proud to say so. I started with nothing but brains, and look at me now."

Stuttering Man in corner, who is seen endeavouring to speak: "What d-d-do you call yourself—a sel-sel-self-made man?"

Pompous Old Man: "Yes, sir—a self-made man: Can you contradict me?"

Stuttering Man: "Oh, n-n-no. Only I thought that if you-you-you were a sel-sel-self-made man, why the d-d-dickens didn't you-you-you put some hair on your head?"

Collapse of bald-headed, pompous old man.

"Does he always speak the truth?"

"I think not. All his friends praise his judgment."

LOST WORDS.

NEW CONTEST FOR BRAINS.

ALL ABOUT "LOST WORDS."

HERE is a new form of competition which you should find both amusing and profitable.

It is known as "Lost Words." In another column the narrative entitled, "How the Words were Lost," tells of the accident to a telegram, by which it was rendered practically indecipherable.

You are invited to write on the entry form the four words which you think would best complete the telegram. The prizes will be awarded for the sentence which the adjudicators consider to be the best and most original.

CONDITIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

1. No more than four words, and no fewer, must be filled in in the entry form.
2. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form opposite, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
3. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and crossed "& Co.," and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal

RESULT OF COUPLINGS No. 8.

THE amount available for distribution in Competition No. 8 was £33 2s. The sender of the Coupling selected as the best has received £16 11s., and a similar sum has been divided into thirty-two other prizes.

The Coupling selected as the best, together with the name and address of the sender, is as follows:

The lady looking for her arms was Venus.

J. Jones, 50 Seaford Street, Southsea.

For the list of winners of other prizes, see page iii. of the red cover.

Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.

4. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "Lost Words No. 1," in the top left-hand corner.
5. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, July 15th.
6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one half will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration, and the remaining half will be awarded in other prizes amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
7. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

HOW THE WORDS WERE LOST.

Roy Nixon strolled leisurely down the street one sunny afternoon in the beginning of July.

Suddenly he heard a shout, "Extra Special."

Beckoning to the newsboy, he took a copper out of his pocket and purchased a paper.

For a moment he glanced casually through the contents. Then, astonished, he stood stock still, stared hard for a moment, then dashed to a neighbouring telegraph office, scribbled out a message, addressed it to Endell Jenkinson, Civic Chambers, E.C., handed it over the counter, and then hurried off to his rooms.

Meantime Endell Jenkinson, solicitor, stock-broker, estate agent, and many other things too numerous to mention, was in-

formed, on his return from lunch, that a telegram awaited him.

Alas! Just as he was about to pick it up, a playful zephyr from the open window wafted it on to the floor, when the champion brindled bull-dog, which was his faithful companion, snapped at the fluttering envelope, and, ere it could be induced to give it up, had practically destroyed the contents.

Carefully placing the ruined telegram on the table Mr. Jenkinson discovered that it was from Roy Nixon, his daughter's wealthy fiancé; but the following were the only decipherable words: "Have — — can you — a —"

We ask you from what you know of the story to fill in the four words to the best of your ability in accordance with the conditions printed in the adjoining columns.

LOST WORDS, No. 1.		Postal Order No.	
Have			can
you		a	
I undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.			
Signed			
Address			

Our heart specialist says: "To become sweethearts again after a lover's quarrel the young man should present his adored one with a copy of THE NOVEL MAGAZINE."

Two Months in the Second Division

The Experiences of a Lady in Holloway Prison.

By MARGARET A. BUTTERWORTH.



This is by no means the first time that details of the routine of prison life for women have been published. But Miss Butterworth's description of the two months she served in the Second Division is absolutely unique, inasmuch as, besides being a lady of education and refinement, Miss Butterworth is living on the Continent and can therefore describe, without reserve, her innermost feelings when thrust amongst surroundings entirely unfamiliar to her. Miss Butterworth was arrested in her little cottage at Caterham for disposing of three old books. The books belonged to a circulating library to which she subscribed. Following her arrest and sentence at the Lambeth Police Court, Miss Butterworth was conveyed to Holloway Prison to serve her sentence. Last week she told how rebellious convicts were punished. Her story is continued below, and any names mentioned are, for obvious reasons, fictitious.

PART IV. (continued.)

Holloway Prison. Second Stage.

THE working room, kitchen, and laundry were, of course, the best places for conversation, and thousands of messages from convicts to outside friends were carried each week by word of mouth through the medium of discharged prisoners. In the workroom they made all the convicts' articles of clothing and all the house linen: chemises, drawers, petticoats, vests, caps, aprons, dresses, handkerchiefs, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, babies' linen, and many other things.

I wondered what these women earned a week. I was to find out that one must not place too much faith on what the stage cards set forth. Government does not part easily with its money, as a small incident, which I am about to relate, will show, and which I considered a great piece of injustice.

The tins, the famous tins, three to each cell, played a great part in prison life. Principals, who passed the wards in review, always examined the tins first, the convicts as an afterthought. To have the tins bright and beaming appeared to be the chief desire of each ward officer. The rule required that a convict should polish her own set each day, but few managed this important work well enough. For that reason two expert polishers to each ward were chosen from among third staggers, and they spent their whole day cleaning the tins, some seventy-eight pieces in all, thirty-nine to each cleaner. How the poor creatures' arms must have ached at supper time.

No. 12's False Teeth.

The convict in cell No. 12 was a middle-aged woman, an impoverished gentlewoman who had seen better days, I imagine. She wore a complete set of teeth, upper and lower set, worth five pounds, I should say. Each evening she placed them in her tin basin, which she half filled with clean water for the purpose. There was nowhere else to put them, as her mug was used for the tea and cocoa. The woman who cleaned the tins on that side of the ward was a tall, gaunt, cadaverous-looking female who muttered to herself incessantly, and appeared more fit for an asylum than a gaol.

For some reason best known to herself, the gaunt one rushed into No. 12's cell one morning at twenty past six, the minute the door was opened, and grabbed the tins she usually fetched after chapel, before the old lady, who had not finished dressing, realised what was happening or could rescue her precious teeth. She ran after the polisher half dressed, but arrived too late. Without a moment's hesitation this idiot sent the five pound set of teeth down the lavatory.

Let the Matter Drop.

Poor No. 12 was terribly perplexed and complained to the ward officer, who chided the tin-polisher. The latter then came crying to the owner of the lost teeth, begging her not to make any more fuss over them, for if it came to the chief wardress's ears, she (the polisher) would lose her remission marks, and not be discharged in ten days as she hoped. She had been eighteen months in prison, and longed to see her little ones again. Out of pity, No. 12 let the matter drop, and nothing more was said about it.

A few days later the tin-polisher's cadaverous face disappeared from the ward; she had got her discharge. As soon as she was safely outside the prison walls, No. 12 asked to see the governor concerning her lost teeth. She had only three teeth of her own left, she could not well manage with so small a number. Nor could she buy new ones, as five pounds is a big sum for a poor woman.

The tin-polisher was a widow with five small children, and did not possess a penny in the world, so that, although her carelessness alone was the cause of the loss, one could not well expect her to refund the money.

Clearly it seemed Government's duty to make good a loss which occurred on its own grounds; so thought No. 12, and so thought I. The prison officials, however, thought differently; the poor old lady never got as far as the governor, but was speedily choked off by the chief wardress, who told her she should have taken better care of her property, and that she must either buy herself new teeth or go without.

PART V.

Holloway Prison. Last Five Days and Release.

THE forty-fifth day of my sentence arrived. Another five days and I should be free. I thought my troubles and anguish of mind at an end, when a great terror came to me that very morning, all the worse for being undefined. Happily it turned out to be but the phantom of my own imagination.

I stood at the sink at half-past eight that day, and from the window watched the released prisoners file through the inner court.

"Look!" I said to a woman who stood filling her tin basin behind me; "there goes No. 8. I am so pleased her time is up. How delicate she looks, and quite an educated woman, I should say."

"That's 'er," came the answer. "Her's a lidy, same as yerself, and in for the same thing—petty larceny."

"How do you know?" I queried, with some surprise. The woman grinned. "I dust the wards, and when our Miss ain't lookin', I turn the sentence cards round and 'ave a squint. You got 'ooked for cadgin' books; she fished things off counters."

I went to my cell and thought no more about it, when, to my utter amazement, I caught a glimpse of No. 8 that very evening. At the first opportunity I questioned my previous informant. "Do you know that No. 8 returned last night?" I asked her.

"Very likely," came the indifferent answer; "'appens often enough."

"What do you mean?"

"Re-arrest, of course!"

"Re-arrest! Do they re-arrest prisoners on the very day of their discharge?"

"Well, you are green! In course they do; specially in cases like yours and No. 8. While you're in quod the 'tecs try and find out something more against you. Then you get grabbed at the prison gate and 'auled up before the nearest magistrate."

Not a Dick Turpin.

I think I blanched. She saw it and grinned. Not that she was naturally cruel, poor thing. But she had been fourteen months in Holloway; life seemed terribly dull and monotonous. Anything for a bit of excitement. "D'ye know of anything for which you could be took?" she eagerly inquired.

I gave no answer, and returned to my cell, where I tried to think. No! I knew of nothing. I am not a female Dick Turpin. In spite of that, I feared. Feared what? I could not say. People who read my case in the paper, might they not accuse me of petty thefts I had never committed? And then how often had I borrowed books, never troubling to return them, as people so often do.

Might not the owners of those books come to the conclusion that I had also sold their property, and charge me at a police station?

As if this one anxiety were not enough, another came to fill my heart with despair. What about my landlord? I had sold all my furniture, when out on bail, intending to pay him on quarter day. But when the 29th of June arrived, I sat in prison, and my troubles had driven all recollection of rent out of my head. What would my landlord say when he found his house empty, and heard of his missing tenant's terrible fate?

To Write to My Landlord.

What more natural but that he should go to the nearest police station and ask to have me re-arrested for debt on the day of my discharge. My anxiety grew so painful that I resolved to write to him, telling him he would be paid in full on the sixteenth of the month. Then I would also write to my solicitors, begging them to let me know whether fresh charges had been brought against me. I questioned my officer the next time she entered my cell. Would they allow me to write?

She pooh-poohed my fears; of course there would be no re-arrest; as for the landlord, he must county court me before having me arrested. But there was no harm in writing the two letters, provided I obtained the governor's consent. Always extremely good to prisoners, and anxious to help them, he would give the permission easily. So at six o'clock the next morning my name was put down to see him.

Not Easy to See the Governor.

The governor might be good and kind to prisoners; no doubt he was, when they got a chance of seeing him. But to see him seemed no easy matter. I only saw the head matron. I learnt afterwards that no one could

speak to the governor except in her presence, and that, moreover, she discountenanced these visits as much as possible.

At nine o'clock the next morning a very disagreeable-looking wardress—there were few such in the prison—fetched me and placed me with four others outside the matron's door. There we stood till long past ten, and if any of us tried to lean against the wall, we were harshly called to order. The one next to me was a palsied, shaky old thing well past sixty. At last my turn came. I entered the small room, where the head matron sat at a desk; she asked my name, consulted her book, then inquired what I wanted of the governor. I told her.

Barred by the Matron.

"You have written your one monthly letter, and have no right to another, much less two," came the curt answer.

"I know, but these are business letters, letters in a way connected with my case. Moreover, a prisoner can always write to her solicitor, so I have been given to understand."

"A prisoner on remand can write to her solicitor once a day, but you are a convicted prisoner and can only write one letter a month. You chose to write to your brother; you have no right to expect permission to write to anyone else."

I insisted: "If you will only let me lay the matter before the governor. He can give the required permission, and I think he will. Then there is my landlord. Unless I am allowed to communicate with him, I may find myself in more trouble on the day of my discharge."

"You will not see the governor," came the answer; "now go."

"But—"

"Go!" and I got roughly pushed to the door by the wardress who had fetched me, and who now told me to stand in the hall until she had leisure to reconduct me to my cell. She left me standing there till twelve, so that in all I remained on my feet three hours without moving, and with nothing to rest against. At last my own wardress fetched me back to my cell.

Now this is the only instance, if we except the Pentonville gaoler's roughness, in which I was treated, as I think, harshly.

Against all Prison Regulations.

I told an officer what had happened in the head matron's room.

"You could have insisted," she whispered.

"How?" I queried. "Is not the head matron all-powerful?"

"By no means! Indeed, by refusing to let you see the governor, she went against all prison regulations. A prisoner may always see the governor, and make a request. The request can be refused, very often is refused, but the prisoner's undoubted privilege to appeal to the head of the prison never varies. Take my advice, however, and let the matter drop. In four days you will know whether or not trouble awaits you. Till then be patient."

I questioned several convicts, convicts of long standing, concerning the governor.

"Yes," they said, "he was kind enough what little you saw of him, which seemed precious little. No prisoner could speak to him without being interrogated by the head matron as to the reason of the interview, and she mostly discouraged one. Why? Oh, possibly because many convicts brought him a lot of useless complaints, or asked for privileges that he could not grant, therefore the head matron prevented them seeing him, so that his time should not be wasted. Moreover, even if you did see him, it had to be in the presence of several wardresses, including one or two principals, and the interview lasted barely a moment."

A Strange Sight.

I saw this for myself the day I stood in the hall opposite the head matron's office. The governor entered it at ten, and stayed a long time talking with one or the other principal. He saw but one convict. They brought her in grand state, and placed her in front of him. Then a strange thing happened. The head wardress ran into the hall, and beckoned to some passing officers. Five or six available ones entered the office, ranged themselves solemnly round the wretched culprit, and the interview began.

It lasted the space of an "Ave Maria" said by a not too devout monk. Instantly the dummy witnesses filed out, the convict was hauled back to D Ward, whence she hailed, and the governor resumed his conversation with the matron.

(Next week Miss Butterworth tells of her last few days in Holloway.)

If money talked, all the kind-hearted coppers would ask to be sent to the Fresh Air Fund.

TO ANNIHILATE
DREADNOUGHTS.

HAT latest and most terrible engine of naval warfare, the new dirigible torpedo whose movements are controlled by wireless telegraphy, carries a charge of 1,980 pounds—not far short of a ton—of dynamite.

What this means can be faintly imagined, when it is remembered that the largest dirigible torpedoes employed up till now carry less than 200 pounds.

Yet the results obtained with these and others of even smaller size, have been sufficiently awful.

Torpedo in a Fruit Boat.

Thus, the very first torpedo of the modern dirigible type that was ever used in warfare, which contained a bursting charge of only 70 pounds, sufficed to destroy the fine new Turkish monitor *Dai-Matsin* during the Russo-Turkish War in 1877.

The Japanese, during their last war with China, used comparatively small torpedoes of a very similar type. Yet by their aid they succeeded in sinking the great ironclad *Ting-Yuen*, the pride of the Chinese Navy.

On July 3rd, 1880, the Chilean transport *Loa* was destroyed in Callao Harbour by a non-dirigible torpedo concealed in a fruit boat, which carried a bursting charge of 300 pounds of dynamite. This was the biggest quantity that up till then had been used in naval warfare, and the effect was terrible. Not only was the *Loa* herself blown to bits, with the loss of 150 men out of her crew of 200, but every house in Callao was shaken to its foundations, and the ships in the harbour rocked to and fro as from an earthquake shock.

Blown Up With Ease.

Perhaps, however, the most striking example of what can be accomplished by a heavy charge of high explosive fired in close contact to an ironclad's bottom, was afforded by the destruction of the *Petropavlovsk* during the Russo-Japanese War. This splendid vessel was the flagship of the Russian Admiral Makaroff, and was first-class in every respect. Yet she was blown up and sunk with the greatest ease by a contact mine containing 500 pounds of dynamite.

And now nearly four times this quantity is to be used, and in dirigible torpedoes.

The next naval war ought to witness a big mortality amongst Dreadnoughts.



BINGO: "Things have gone so badly with me that I have had to compel my wife to make her own dresses."

Kingley: "Too bad. How does she look?"

"Daggers!"

.....

A TOURIST at a country hotel asked the girl who waited at table if he could have some poached eggs.

"We haven't any eggs, sir," she replied; then, after a moment's reflection, she added, "but I think I could get ye some poached salmon."

.....

"Look here," said the proprietor of the musical comedy.

"What is it?" inquired the stage-manager.

"Last night you gave the last act first. Probably nobody noticed it, but it shows lack of system. Don't let this occur again."

SHORT AND SWEET.

AN M.P. who becomes bankrupt loses his seat.

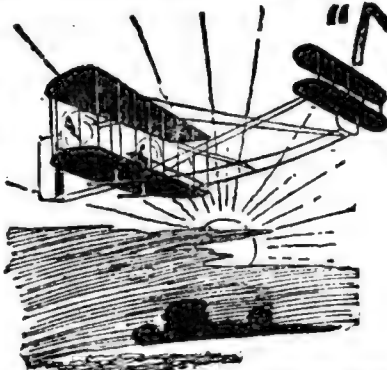
As a cure for nerves, society in Washington has taken up floor-scrubbing.

LIVING men were used instead of pieces in a game of chess played at St. Leonards-on-Sea in 1891.

SCALES which can register the difference in weight between a fly dead and alive have been made by a Californian jeweller.

If a schoolboy is caught smoking more than once by the police in Rostov-on-Don, Russia, his parents are liable to be exiled to Yakutsk, Northern Siberia.

THE writing of the Chinese and Japanese is wholly different from that of other nations. It is made up of many thousand characters, which stand for whole words and for syllables instead of for letters. It is very hard to learn, and very few even of the Chinese themselves know all the characters. The Japanese have made some changes in them.



"My Aeroplane"

A Chat with the Hon. C. S. ROLLS.

[The Hon. C. S. Rolls, famous as aeronaut and motorist, is not a gentleman who allows the grass to grow under his feet, and he will shortly become the owner of the first Wright aeroplane in England. In the course of an interview Mr. Rolls was kind enough to chat to our representative about his new possession and aeroplanes in general.]

IT is quite true that I am having a Wright aeroplane built for me by Messrs. Short Brothers, the well-known aeronautical engineers of Battersea, and I daresay it will be the first in England, though I should not like to be too definite on that point.

The cost of my aeroplane? A Wright aeroplane costs £1,000. This does not represent its intrinsic value—I mean, in the way of the materials used—but very naturally the famous brothers Wright expect, and deserve, some recompense for their years of thought and toil and experimenting.

What are the materials used in an aeroplane? Wood and canvas chiefly, metal of course being used as little as possible. The wood is spruce, the canvas of a special kind, while what metal there is, is of the finest steel.

Aluminium? No, aluminium is not much used, it is not reliable enough—and I need hardly say that you do not want anything about an aeroplane that may suddenly let you down. It takes some months to build, as they are constructed in batches of six at a time; but I expect mine will be ready this summer. Yes, I have already flown once. This was last autumn, when I made a short flight with Mr. Wilbur Wright at Le Mans.

What does flying feel like? Well, it is rather a difficult sensation to describe, but it is entirely enjoyable and exhilarating. Did I feel giddy or sick? Oh, no, in that respect flying is just like ballooning; you are not conscious of being at a height, and I do not think even a person subject to giddiness would feel any discomfort in an aeroplane.

Forces Its Way Like a Torpedo-destroyer.

At the same time, flying is very different from ballooning. In a balloon, even if you are travelling in a gale, it is like drifting down a stream in a punt, but in an aeroplane it is like being on a torpedo-destroyer forcing its way against wind and water.

In the one case you are sailing with the air, in the other against it, and the rush of wind is tremendous. Which do I prefer, ballooning or flying? Well, my experience of the latter has so far been too brief to enable me to form an opinion, but in any case I do not think you can profitably compare them, any more than you can profitably compare such different sports as hunting and shooting.

Ballooning is certainly more comfortable

than flying. Once you are up in a balloon you can take your ease, but in an aeroplane the aviator has his attention on the rack all the time, pulling this lever or that, according as he has, so to speak, to make, trim, or shorten sail. The aviator has constantly to be watching and altering the angle of the planes to keep his balance, and all this means that your faculties are kept in a high state of tension, just like those of the man at the wheel of a ship, or a driver in a motor-car race.

Aeroplanes in war? Unquestionably they will be used in future wars, but mainly, I think, for reconnoitring purposes.

The airship invasion bogey? I think it is a bogey. Many years must pass before airships, as distinct from aeroplanes, could be constructed capable of carrying formidable bodies of invaders. After all, you cannot successfully invade a country by simply dumping men into it; they must have arms, guns, horses, stores, all the immense paraphernalia of war to have any real chance of success, and of course the moment you go up in the air every pound of weight begins to tell and to weigh a great deal more than its actual weight.

Aeroplanes Will Not Develop Like Motor-cars.

As you say, it is just thirteen years since I drove out of Victoria Station in one of the first motor-cars seen in England, only to be stopped by a policeman because I was not preceded by a man with a red flag. Where do I think we shall be as regards aeroplanes thirteen years hence? Never prophesy unless you know, is a safe rule, and one I intend to stick to. Still, I do not think there will be any such tremendous developments in aeroplanes as there have been in motor-cars. The conditions and the possibilities are altogether different.

With aeroplanes the great difficulty is to get power with lightness in the motor, whereas additional weight in the engines of a motor-car does not greatly matter. Except for military purposes, I think flying will long remain simply a sport, and, indeed, it is just as a sport that I am going in for it, just as one went in for golf when that became popular.

Flying, too, will long be a costly sport. Speaking roughly, the consumption of petrol is about the same for an aeroplane as for a motor-car; and while there is not the same wear and tear—at least, I hope not—breakages and mishaps to the delicate fabric of an aeroplane are unavoidable, while the initial cost of a Wright aeroplane, as I have mentioned, is £1,000.

Am I myself experimenting with flying-machines? No, to do any good that way, one would have to give one's whole life to it, and I have my business to attend to. Apart from that, without wishing to discourage our native inventors, I should say it would be very difficult to evolve a satisfactory aeroplane that would not at some point infringe the Wright patents.

When I get my aeroplane, what shall I do? Why, fly, I hope. Naturally, I have a general idea of the theory of driving an aeroplane, and I shall just go aloft and trust to luck.

Sounds risky? Well, one is bound to have some preliminary smashes, but that is the quickest way to gain experience.

You are expected to raise your hat to the owner of a Swedish shop when you go in to make a purchase.

SHEPHERDS of Landes, France, walk on stilts, and think nothing of being perched up from dawn to dusk like this.

BILLIARDS was invented by a pawnbroker in the sixteenth century. He used to push the three brass balls—the insignia of his trade—about his counter with a yard stick, using boxes, fastened to the sides of his counter, for pockets.

ENVELOPES were invented by Vallyer in 1653, when, with Louis XIV.'s permission, he established a private penny post, but they were not introduced regularly into this country till 1839, as, before the penny post was started, envelopes were charged double postage.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE is the poorest of all European kings. His income is about £140 a day, which is little to one obliged to maintain the state and dignity of a king. He would be poorer still were it not for outside help. England, France, and Russia each subscribe £4,000 a year towards his income.

TORTURE BY
TALK.

ANY people were doubtless mildly puzzled when they read in their newspapers the other day of "the terrible third degree," in connection with the police questioning of a Chinaman supposed to be implicated in the murder of a white woman in New York.

For we in England happily know nothing of this atrocious system of "torture by talk," as it has not inaptly been termed, nor would it, or anything remotely approaching it, be tolerated here.

Not a Moment's Respite.

It consists in bombarding a suspect with questions for hours, and even days, at a stretch. Relays of burly detectives, each skilled in the art of cross-examination, of bullying, and of inspiring terror by menaces and innuendo, relieve one another at intervals, but the wretched victim is given not a moment's respite.

Not infrequently he is even deprived of sleep for long intervals—the torture then partaking of the nature of the terrible medieval one known to our ancestors as "waking"—and all the while the stream of talk flows remorselessly on. This is not done in open court, of course, but in the solitude of the prisoner's cell, or in one of the waiting rooms of the gaol where he is confined.

He is cajoled and intimidated by turn, shouted at until his brain reels and his ears are deafened, frightened by fearful threats of what will happen to him if he does not confess, stuffed with lying promises regarding his future provided he will only speak out and "own up."

Confessions Often Worthless.

Few men can stand this sort of thing for any great length of time. For an hour or two it is all right, but then, by degrees, the will begins to weaken and waver, until after a while the victim breaks down and confesses.

The worst of it, from the point of view of the police, is that such confessions, like those extorted in the olden days by means of the rack and the thumbscrew, are as often as not quite worthless. The poor, harassed wretch, driven half-insane by the ceaseless cross-questioning, is glad at last to admit anything in order to obtain a little peace and quietness.



FIRST YOUTH: "Scientists say that trees contribute to the heat in the atmosphere."

Second Youth: "That's so; a birch has warmed me many a time."

.....

SHE: "How is it your sister didn't sing to-night?"

He: "Oh, the doctor has forbidden her! He says she must not sing for six months."

She: "Does he live near her?"

.....

"You know, my dear boy," said a sympathising friend to a man in trouble, "that we really gain by our trials in life."

"That depends altogether on the kind of lawyer you get to conduct them!" replied the sufferer.

.....

YOUNG LADY: "The last bread I got of you was so hard I couldn't eat it."

Baker (indignantly): "Young lady, I want you to know that I made bread before you were born."

Young Lady: "Oh, I don't doubt it. I think that was some of it you sold me."

.....

A sign of politeness in Tibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hand and stick out the tongue.

THE first Australian cricket team that visited England played sixteen matches, won eleven, and lost five.

It is a curious point in our criminal law that to constitute murder the death of the victim must take place within a year and a day from the time of the offence.

In Germany and also in Holland, girls are employed as clerks at the banks and hotels, as cashiers and book-keepers at restaurants, and at railway stations as booking-office clerks.

THE salary of the Archbishop of Canterbury is £15,000; of the Archbishop of York, £10,000; of the Bishop of London, £10,000; The next wealthiest sees are Durham, £7,000; and Winchester, which is £6,500.

A NEWFOUNDLAND mechanic has invented a device for signalling at sea by throwing the reflection of letters upon the clouds. The signals are changed with much rapidity by a device resembling a typewriter keyboard.

Compared with the wealth of reading matter in this month's NOVEL MAGAZINE, the wealth in the Bank of England isn't worth asking for.

From Office to Opera

By SIGNOR TAMINI, the New Tenor.



WHEN I look back over my career it seems like a dream, so different is my life to-day from what it was a comparatively few years ago.

I started life in a bank on the Continent, but the claims of business never satisfied my youthful ambitions, and although I managed to mount the commercial ladder with greater success than many of my companions, the desire to become a professional singer was always active in my brain.

Even as a young clerk I used to take a great interest in all musical matters, keeping well abreast of the times by a continuous study of the musical columns that appeared in the Press, and attending concerts, recitals, and operas with the utmost regularity.

Then sometimes the staff of our bank would get up a concert amongst themselves, and at such times, as you may imagine, I was very keen about being allowed to contribute one or more items to the evening's entertainment. It was, in fact, at one of these concerts that I made my first appearance before an audience composed of people not belonging to my own family.

The Longest Day of My Life.

What an eventful day that was! I could only with the greatest difficulty keep my mind fixed upon the ledgers and pass-books around me, thinking as I was about the concert in the evening. It was, I think, the longest day of my life, but at last the afternoon did actually come to an end, and the magic hour drew near.

How shall I tell you what happened without appearing egotistical? The audience were more than kind, they were enthusiastic; and the dear old manager, who was present, sent for me afterwards and congratulated me warmly upon my performance.

"My boy," he wound up by exclaiming, "I venture to prophesy that you will give up banking before you are many years older, and make your name as a singer!" It was kind of him to say that, and his prophecy was one which made me more determined than ever to get on to the concert platform before I had finished.

But this little concert was noteworthy in another way as well. Besides the members of the bank staff there had been present a number of other people—friends of the manager and clerks, amongst whom was a lady—a mere girl of course then—to whom I was introduced. Our first meeting was followed by many others, and I must confess to you that before long our early friendship changed into a warmer feeling.

Manager of the Bank.

As the years went by and my position at the bank improved, the desire to become a singer was supplemented by another ambition, namely, that I might win this girl as my wife. One day, as you say in English, I "popped the question" to my little sweetheart, and was actually accepted. That was the happiest day in my life.

We were married, and in course of time I became manager of the bank, but although quite happy otherwise, I still had a hankering after the musical profession—a hankering which my wife did her best to encourage.

Well, to make a long story short, I decided in the end to take the fateful plunge. I left the bank and spent two years in careful preparation for my new calling. At the end of that period I obtained an engagement at the Vienna Kaiser Fubilacums Opera House, being allotted quite a small part for the approaching season. Then my good fairy came along, and I had a piece of real good luck.

Operas to Suit My Voice.

During the course of our rehearsals some members of the management happened to hear me sing one day, and the result was that they actually determined to alter the whole programme, to choose operas best suited to my voice, and to give me a leading part in them.

I dare not try and describe my actual *début*, for, if I did, you would think me insufferably conceited. The whole scene, as I look back on it, is like some intoxicating dream to me, in which the kindness of the audience (I was recalled nineteen times) is mixed up with the generous congratulations of my fellow artistes and expressions of delight from the management. That was the most exciting day of my life.

And now here I am in England, with my good fairy still apparently smiling on me, for everyone has been kindness itself ever since my arrival, and, wherever I have been, the most generous welcome has been extended to me. Someday that success is empty; I have always found it very sweet.

ENGLISH UP-TO-DATE.

"MAMMA, if I had a hat before I had this one, it's all right to say that's the hat I had had, isn't it?"

"Certainly, Johnny."

"And if that hat once had a hole in it, and I had it mended, I could say it had had a hole in it, couldn't I?"

"Yes, there would be nothing incorrect in that."

"Then it'd be good English to say that the hat I had had had a hole in it, wouldn't it?"

NEW AND STRANGE.

Something About the Latest Novelties.

Clean Floors in Future.

DUSTO is a preparation for sweeping carpets without dust, and Lydus is another for sweeping uncovered floors, both of which are worth a trial. Samples can be had of Messrs. Palmer and Son, 62 London Wall, E.C.

Have Plants Eyes?

ONE of the newest notions of the reason why plants turn to the light is that the cells in the leaves are really eyes. An effort is made by the plant to concentrate the light into the middle of each cell, and there is a kind of retina at the back of those cells.

Gramophone Shop-walkers.

GRAMOPHONES are being tried in large stores, to tell customers the way to a particular department and for other purposes. A person walks into one of the several doors and desires to go to the carpet department; instead of worrying an assistant or a busy shop-walker, he touches a button on a gramophone and a voice says: "Third shop on the left." It may also be used for stating the prices of different articles on a counter.

Good News for Horses.

THE principle of the moving staircase has been applied to a steep hill in Cleveland. The incline is 420 ft. long, and a rolling road has been installed to take horses and wagons to the top. It is made of stout boards arranged crossways, and it weighs 160 tons. It is stopped when taking or discharging a load, and as many as eight wagons have been taken up at one time. The ascent of the hill is accomplished in two and a half minutes.

Musicians Made—Not Born.

THE newest idea about musicians is that they can be made to order in the cradle and nursery. Musical ears are a matter of memory, and by singing to infants again and again the simple airs of babyhood, parents can start their offspring on a musical career. As the children grow older, more complicated tunes are sung or played, and in time, by this plan, a real musician can be developed.

Bathed by Clockwork.

THE latest suggestion for a bath is one in which oxygenated water will be thrown upon the body with sufficient force to obviate rubbing with a sponge. The bather will step from the water into a drying cupboard, lined with some quickly-moving arrangement of soft brushes and supplied with dried air. He will be dry and comfortable almost before he knows it, without doing any work for himself.

Four Tools in One.

THE Puncture Press Spanner, placed on the market by Mr. H. A. Woolley, of 12 Bruce Road, Wealdstone, Middlesex, is practically four tools in one; it embraces a pedal and cone spanner, a screw-driver, a tyre lift, and a press for repairing a puncture. This happy combination not only saves time and money, but it also prevents the cyclist from bedaubing his fingers with the sticky repairing substance, and consequently preserves his good temper. To be able to obtain all this for one shilling must be regarded as a bargain.

Milk Bottles Made of Paper.

THE cans and bottles in which milk is delivered are not always cleaned as thoroughly as they should be, and, becoming insinatory, cause disease. The United States Bureau of Health has just had submitted to them a paper milk-bottle, the cost of which is so small that the customer throws it away when empty, thus preventing trouble. The milk does not actually come into contact with the paper, because the latter is chemically treated. These bottles can be sealed, and milk allowed to remain in them will keep fresh for a longer time than in glass bottles.

Handy Ladder for Painters.

PAINTERS and paperhangers often have to work on a stair-case or in some other place where the ordinary step-ladder is not very safe or convenient, because one part is lower than the other. A new kind of step-ladder has been devised which permits of shortening either the tread part or the leg to slide into itself, so that the workman has a level tread wherever he may be. The ladder can be folded to one-third of its length when out of use, so that it can be stowed away in an odd corner, under a bench. This ladder is useful for servants in house cleaning, as well as for painters. This ladder has just been patented in the United States.

Kwik Kettles.

THESE are kettles of a peculiar construction, with three tubes at the bottom, through which the water circulates while boiling. This prevents furring, and also accelerates the process of boiling; these two factors naturally save fuel, whether coal, oil, or gas, for the furring of the ordinary kettle causes it to be longer in bringing the water to the boil. There is only one orifice to fill and empty the Kwik Kettle, so that the hands run no risk of scalds, and there can be no falling off of the lid, nor any fear of its dropping into the kettle just when you have the water nicely boiling. Messrs. Crompton and Fawkes, Anchor Works, Chelmsford, will send full particulars.

Test Your Own Eggs.

THE common method of testing eggs is to place them in water, those that float being fresh, and those that sink being stale. This test does not show the degree of staleness, and many eggs that sink have sufficient nourishment for all general purposes, even for hatching. Dr. Waldorf, of Buffalo, has invented a most ingenious device for showing the exact degree of staleness, or freshness, as the individual tester may decide to call it. An egg is placed in a spring loop, in an aluminium box, and set in water; a projecting tube, with graduated scale, shows the percentage of nutriment. All degrees are shown, from the "fresh" down through the "breakfast," "cooking," and "political" stages.

Nature out Courting



How Insects and Animals Become Engaged.

"LOVE-MAKING has attained its highest state of perfection in human beings. You see, we have souls," says the romantic lover, "and that is one of the reasons why we are able to live in such a halo of beautiful romance."

However, although this is perfectly true, there are many creatures in this wide world besides us who have courtships.

Suppose I begin with beetles. Now, it is hardly conceivable that an ugly, low-down creature like a beetle is capable of romance. Yet some species have a curious way of declaring their love that is at least modest and respectful. When Mr. Beetle spies out Miss Beetle crawling along some grassy bank, he presents himself before her, blocking the way, whereupon Miss Beetle comes to a standstill and stares at him, waving her fan-like feelers.

Mr. Beetle then walks very slowly round her, stretching out his thin, black legs with dainty precision and giving vent to an odd wheezing noise like that of a bee in the clutches of a spider. This is his declaration of love. Miss Beetle listens for awhile, and then commences to revolve round and round as on a pivot, and this means she has accepted him.

Tilts Against Her in Mid Air.

Butterflies are not quite so elementary. In some country woods there are several sorts of tawny, black-spotted butterflies collectively known as "fritillaries."

When Romeo spies out Juliet, his first act is to tilt against her in mid air. Juliet flutters coyly aside, and pretends to take no notice. He repeats the attention, this time from the opposite side, with the result that, after skipping coquettishly about the place, Juliet suddenly changes her flight to a whirling spin as straight and steady as a bee.

But, although this means that Juliet is considering the proposal, Romeo will not leave her in peace. As she shoots straight ahead through the hot sunshine, he circles first over, and then under her, something after the manner of a weight swinging round the hand on the end of a string.

At last Juliet drops down on a fern leaf, and here they face each other, and tap one another gently with their antennae, or horns—the equivalent amongst butterflies to kissing.

Frogs Display Wonderful Devotion.

Courtship amongst the frogs is a very elementary business indeed; yet some of the tree frogs display most wonderful devotion to the offspring of their wives. Romance with them seems to come after marriage.

In France there is a species of frog that considerably relieves his wife of all the cares of motherhood. When she has laid her eggs—which take the form of long strings of spawn—her husband winds them tightly round his own legs, and carries them away into a secure corner in the water.

Here he sits down and patiently mounts guard over them till they are all hatched into tadpoles. In other species of frogs the male laboriously carries away the eggs and hides them amongst reeds.

When we come to the birds, of course, an immense amount of pretty billing and cooing goes on amongst such species as the pigeons and doves. But others go much farther, and among the most remarkable are the fly-catchers. The fly-catchers are a small race shaped like the finches.

Hides Bashfully in a Dense Tree.

When the marrying season comes along, Miss Flycatcher is so extremely shy that she shuns the male sex altogether, and Mr. Flycatcher has to search the whole country for her. When at last he has found her, hiding bashfully in a dense tree, he perches himself in front of her, and puffs out all his feathers to show her how handsome he is.

They actually go so far as to have a recognised trysting place. Mr. Flycatcher may be sitting over a pool on the look-out for gnats and moths when a piercing cry rings through the silence from his mate, who has arrived at the tree where they meet every evening.

He forthwith gives up all idea of supper, and flits away to the sacred spot. And there, taking a seat side by side in the branches, they press their breasts together, raise their crests, beat the air with their wings, and scream with ecstasy.

The most unromantic creatures in the world, after all, are the four-footed beasts, hardly any of whom carry on courtships worth describing.

While many butterflies and birds never have a second love, one hears of creatures like the sea-lion keeping a harem of ten "cows"—as they are called; and as for the bats, they just marry, and then almost instantly separate, and never care in the least if they ever see each other again.

The convicts of Dartmoor live a life of luxury compared with some of our poor slum kiddies. The F.A.F. helps to remedy matters.



Quips and Testlets



REVEALED.

OLD Podkins lay back in his chair in calm content, and though his wife was quite near him he was happy, for she had not broken the silence for nearly five minutes.

He had been married for five-and-twenty long years, and Mrs. Podkins, almost daily during twenty-four of them, had disturbed the domestic peace by a too full exercise of her tongue.

"My dear," broke in Mrs. P., thinking it time she said something to interrupt the quiet, "I see by the papers that a petrified jaw two yards long has been found in Cornwall."

"What!" cried Podkins, starting up: "Now I know your secret! But you never told me your ancestors came from that part of the world!"

"Will you love me when I am old?" she whispered: "Didn't I tell you that I love you now?" he responded: And she didn't speak to him again for a whole week.

HOSTESS (who is giving an entertainment): "Mr. Smith is going to sing a comic song."
Guest: "I knew something would happen: I upset the salt at the dinner-table."

THE RECTOR (after half-an-hour's vain search for a congenial subject for conversation): "And are you fond of Dickens' works?"
She: "No; I don't like Dickens—the print is so small!"

WHERE THE CREDIT LAY.

THE game had been played to a remarkably close finish, and the victory of the home team was eventually brought about in a sensational manner. When the last man went to the crease the batting side wanted something like a dozen runs to win. Their chances certainly looked rosy when the new-comer cracked the first two balls he received to the boundary.

Before the next ball was delivered a fielder with more pluck than discretion took up the position known as "silly mid-on." The batsman made another furious lunge, and the ball, driven with fearful force, struck the rash fielder on the top of the head, shot high in the air, and was secured by a long-armed individual in the long field.

"Jolly hard luck," remarked the batsman: "If it had been any other fielder he'd have missed it: Hang the fellow's long arms!"
"Long arms, indeed!" growled the injured fielder, rubbing the top of his head—"long arms 'ad nowt to do wi' it. It wor my thick head wot done it: Give a fellow his due!"

BROUGHTON: "How are you getting on with Miss Plunka?"

Joughnes: "Splendid! Her father generally hoots me clear into the road, but last night he only pushed me off the step."

"You've been at the jam, again, Billy: I can tell by your sticky mouth."

"Don't be rude, pa; I don't say you've been into the wine cellar again every time I look at your nose!"

ANXIOUS MOTHER: "I want an order to send my daughter to an insane asylum for treatment. She is going to marry a man thirty years older than herself."

Judge: "Why, madam, girls marry old men every day, and are not considered insane."

Anxious Mother: "Yes, but the old man my daughter wants to marry is poor."

FLAVOURED WITH FIDO.

LAST summer three painters were at work painting the inside of a house.

Late in the afternoon they began to wish for something to drink, so they decided to send one of their number to the mistress of the house, and he said to her:

"The frames of your oil paintings are very dingy, madam, and we'll clean them for you if you've got any whisky. Spirits is a fine thing for cleaning frames."

"How much whisky will be needed?" asked the innocent old lady.

"A quart would do, ma'am," said the painter.

The lady brought out a quart of whisky; the men drank it and cleaned the frames with water.

When about through with the day's work, the old lady, after inspecting the frames, expressed herself as delighted with them:

"Oh," said she, "how grand they look, and to think a quart of whisky would do so many. It was lucky I saved it."

"It was what I washed dear little Fido in just two days before he died."

IT WOULD GET A SHOCK.

AN Irishman, whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offence to the landscape, happened also to be as poor as he was ugly:

One day a neighbour met him, and asked:

"How are you, Pat?"

"Mighty bad! Sure 'tis ahtarvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Sure," exclaimed his neighbour sympathetically, "it can't be very pleasant for either of yez!"

THE DIVIDING LINE.

"Do you ever think, George dear," said she—"do you ever think how closely true happiness is allied with tears?"

"I don't believe I ever do," admitted George, "but I will if you like."

"Yes," she said, gazing up into his face, "when one is truly happy, there is but little to divide a smile and a tear."

"Well, that's a fact," assented George: "But I never thought of it before. After all, there's nothing but the nose."

QUITE CONTENT.



Polite Hairdresser: "Try a bottle of this preparation, sir. Splendid thing for baldness."
Customer (sarcastically): "So it may be, but I've got all the baldness I want, thank you."

DULY ADVERTISED.

AMERICAN THEATRE MANAGER: "What dates for your company, eh? What's the show about?"

Advance Agent: "It is an opera company."

"Opera? Won't go, I'm afraid: What's your best piece?"

"We have drawn the largest house with 'William Tell.'"

"I'm afraid it won't go here: Nobody would come."

"I think they would if it was properly advertised."

"Well, I'll try it: Jack!"

Jack (an assistant): "Yes, sir."

"Rush over to the newspaper office and tell 'em to announce that next week we're going to have a new and excitin' musical drammer called, 'Bill, the Shooter.'"

DIPLOMACY.

SUNDAY passed, Tuesday rolled around, and still his tall form did not loom in the vestibule when the cuckoo clock was sounding eight: Thursday he came, and the beautiful girl was burning with wrath:

"So this is the way you neglect me," she hissed: "What have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't," faltered the young man: "I had the dyspepsia, and the doctor advised me not to come."

"What? The doctor told you not to come to see me because you had the dyspepsia?"

"Well, he told me to keep away from all sweets."

The next moment she had him seated on the parlour sofa, telling him he was the nicest young man in the world.

AWKWARD.

A YOUNG recruit was set on sentry-go, and was, of course, new to his duty. A good-natured

comrade brought him a sandwich from the canteen, and the recruit was about to eat it when the major appeared. As the officer was in mufti the sentry did not recognise him and did not salute. The major took in the situation and asked: "What's that?"

"A sandwich," replied the recruit: "have a bit?"

"Do you know who I am?" asked the major:

"Don't know you from a crow; perhaps you're the major's coachy."

"No, I'm not."

"His groom, perhaps?"

"No; try again."

"Perhaps the old chap himself?"

"Right this time," said the major:

"Oh, good gracious," exclaimed the frightened sentry,

"hold the sandwich while I present arms!"

FRIEND: "Haven't you named the baby yet?"

Proud Mother: "No; we must be very careful to give him a nice one, because there will be so many named after him when he is Premier."

"I MUST warn you, dearest," he said, "that after we are married you will very likely find me inclined to be arbitrary and dictatorial in my manner."

"No matter," she replied cheerfully, "I won't pay the slightest attention to what you say."

OLD GENT: "Young man, I have got rumours that you intend to elope with my daughter to-night."

Young Man (confused): "Sir, I—er—you—er—"

Old Gent: "Hold on, now, don't get nervous, or I'll lose confidence in you, and put a stop to it."

NOT MILK BISCUITS, ANYWAY.

ONE after the other customers had come to the shop and complained about the milk. One said it was watery, another said it was chalky and sour, while a third declared it was a combination of all three—with other defects thrown in.

"What I want to know is," said Mrs. Pomple, who looked almost as thin as the milk, "what you feed your cows on?"

"Feed them on?" snapped Sach, the dairyman, in a rage, "why, I reckon we feeds 'em better than a good many human beings I know feed themselves"—this with a chalky stare at the thin customer.

"My cows are fed on the fat of the land, and if their fodder ain't up to the mark, we give 'em the finest biscuits we can buy. And if we can't buy the biscuits, we make 'em. I stops at nothing when I wish to please my customers. You can believe that or not, just as you like!"

"I'm not denying it," declared Mrs. Pomple, "but I challenge you to contradict me when I declare that it ain't milk biscuits you feed 'em on."

FLOSSIE FOOTLIGHT: "Part of the Japanese wedding ceremony consists in the burning of the discarded toys of the bride."

Winnie Wings: "Horror! You don't mean cremating her cast-off lovers, do you?"

MAGISTRATE: "You say you are innocent:

How do you explain the fact that you were found near the scene of the robbery with the stolen property in your hands?"

Prisoner: "That's what's puzzlin' me, too, yer worship."

"HALLO, old chap! What are you doing in the chemist's?"

"I want something for my head."

"H'm! How much d'you think you'll get?"

NO DATAS.

"Now," cross-examined Mr. Popoff, K.C., getting ready to be extremely brilliant, "what did you say your first name was?"

"Well," answered the cautious witness, "I was baptised John Henry."

"You were, were you?" sneered Mr. Popoff. "How do you know you were?"

"Well," answered the witness slowly, "I was there, you know."

"How do you know you were there?"

"Why, I couldn't have been baptised otherwise. And, besides, I think I can remember it quite well."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"I do."

"Well, kindly explain to the court and jury, my friend with the phenomenal memory," thundered the counsel, "how an infant in arms came to remember that ceremony so remarkably vividly!"

"Well," explained the witness, "you see I wasn't baptised till I was eighteen."

START TO-DAY.

START TO-DAY.

IN STRANGE SHOES.

By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW.

BY READING THIS YOU CAN TAKE UP THE THREAD OF THE STORY.

George Annesley, a young man who meets with a taxi-cab accident. He loses his memory for a short time and is mistaken by Sir James Duncan and Peggy Marston for George Hilton, the great African explorer, whom he impersonates after having discovered that, for no apparent reason, Hilton has committed suicide, leaving his fortune to Peggy Marston.

Peggy Marston, a beautiful young girl, who lives with her aunt, Lady Westmere. Peggy's aunt is in the toils of a money-lender. She has forged Lord Bardley's signature to several big bills, which he promises to redeem as soon as Peggy consents to become his wife. Peggy loves Hilton, and George returns that love, but he cannot show it, owing to an accusation which Lady Sara Brendon has brought against him.

Lady Sara Brendon, wife of Sir Arthur Gervaise, and Hilton's lover prior to his last African tour. She also mistakes George for Hilton, and accuses him of causing Sir Arthur Gervaise's death for love of her.

Charles Morrison, a rogue and money-lender who holds the bills to which Lady Westmere has put Bardley's signature. **Rosa**, his daughter and lover of Bob Fauntleroy, Peggy's cousin and companion. **Sir James Duncan**, Hilton's best friend.

Last week's chapters tell how, at Morrison's flat, George redeems Lady Westmere's bills, and then makes his way into a room where Morrison's partner, Bob Fauntleroy, and several other men are gambling.

George accuses Morrison's partner of cheating, and he and Bob are only saved from serious injury by Rosa bursting into the room with the news that the police are going to raid the house.

Rosa recognises George as Annesley, and, getting him alone for a few minutes, she blames him for discovering her abode to bring more trouble upon her.

George is mystified; he does not remember her, but he learns her story. Rosa is passing herself off as Morrison's daughter, and though engaged to Bob she is already married.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN (continued).

Rosa Tells Her Story.

Bob was safe—dragged out of his entanglement; yet, in his heart, George could not help feeling sorry for Rosa. What was he, standing in another man's shoes, that he should condemn?

"Of course, I'm not going to ask you to let things go on," she resumed, after a pause. She was pulling at one of her gloves as she spoke, drawing it slowly, with unconscious fingers, down her white arm.

"You were always awfully good to me—a real friend, just as straight as any man could be, and naturally you must think that I'm all that is bad. You find me living under a false name, among people who are about as evil as London can turn them out. You find me about to inveigle a nice boy into matrimony when I've already got a husband. Oh, yes, there's nothing to be said in my defence—nothing—except—"

All unexpectedly to George, she burst into tears, rocking herself to and fro upon her chair. "Except that I'm so unhappy," she went on through her sobs. "I was not meant for this life."

"There has not been an hour, not a minute, when I haven't hated myself. I've wanted—oh, if you only knew how much!—to go back to the country, to the dear country that I love so dearly, to my own people. But I was bound, George. I didn't see a way to escape till Bob grew to like me, and Chris put it into my head that if I played my cards carefully he would want to marry me. And so I let myself go. That's how it happened."

She tugged nervously at her glove, pulling it right off at last. Her fingers were covered with handsome rings. She held out her hand and called George's attention to the fact. "You see," she said, "it's not money that I was after. I've no lack of that, though it's been ill-gotten. Chris would have given me more, too; he expected me to be very useful to him as Bob's wife, with the entry into big houses."

"He thought that I should still play into his hands: but he was mistaken there. I should have shaken him off—or tried to. I've had enough of this awful life. I've been in prison once"—she shuddered—"and I've a dread—a haunting terror—of being sent there again. You see"—she stared at her hands—"I'm a thief—that's what they've made me, a thief."

She dried her eyes, rolled her gloves into a little ball, and tossed them away. Then she sprang to her feet. "That's what I've become, George," she said, with a hard laugh, "a thief and the partner of thieves; an adventurer, a wrong 'un, through and through. And though I've learnt to play the part as if I liked it, I'm sick of myself. Now you know all about it, George, you who cared for me a little in the old days, who used to prophesy all sorts of nice things for me, who stood by me when everyone had turned against me—this is what I've become. What do you think of me?"

"I am sorry—very sorry," he spoke the words with conviction, for they were true. He was ignorant of all that she thought he knew, yet in a few words the unhappy girl had shown him the tragedy of her life. He was sorry.

"Rosa," he said impulsively, "you must let me help you. You want to get away from this kind of life; you don't want to be the associate of thieves any longer; you must shake yourself free of them. But it mustn't be in the way you meant to. It mustn't be by adding a fresh crime to what you already have upon your conscience. You say I've been your friend in the past; well, you must let me be so in the future. Come and see me as soon as ever you can—not to-morrow; come the day after."

He wrote his address quickly upon a card, his address in Dover Street, as well as the name of George Hilton. He hardly realised the danger of what he did. He acted upon the spur of the moment, influenced by the sympathy he felt and by an impression, amounting in his mind almost to a certainty, that he could trust the girl.

"You must ask for George Hilton," he said in a hurried whisper. "I, too, am going by another name. There's no time to explain things to you now." He broke off,

listening by the curtain. "I wish I could speak, but I think I hear Bob's footstep on the stairs." He drew the curtain aside as he spoke. "Yes, he's just at the door of the flat." He bent over the girl, adding hurriedly, "You'll break with Bob—now, at once—and let me help you instead. You'll not regret it, Rosa."

She was staring at the card in her hand, the card that bore his name. A puzzled look had come into her eyes—a look he could not interpret. "George Hilton." She repeated the name slowly. "You are George Hilton." She was about to say more when the curtain was thrust aside and Bob made his appearance.

"I've had a hunt," he exclaimed. "There wasn't a taxi to be found anywhere near. But I've got one at last and it's waiting."

George had had no answer to his question. He cast an anxious glance at Rosa. Her next speech quickly relieved his mind.

"That's right. Then we can say good-night—and good-bye." She spoke steadily, and her eyes were dry. She was trying to smile. "It's to be good-bye, Bob," she said harshly. "Your friend and I have been having a talk, and—and I'm going to ask you to give me up, or I'm going to give you your liberty, whichever way you like to put it. Don't look like that, you poor old Bob," her voice was shrill. "It's a jolly good thing for you, and you should be pleased."

"Do you mean, Rosa," faltered the boy, staring in bewilderment, "that you don't want to marry me?"

"Guessed it first time," she exclaimed defiantly. Then suddenly she broke down. "Oh, Bob—my poor Bob!"

George stole away; the heavy red curtains fell behind him. He had left Rosa and Bob to their parting.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

The Fetters Broken.

THE next morning George and Bob travelled down together to Taplow, the nearest station for Lady Westmere's house near Burnham Beeches. Bob had sent a telegram to announce their arrival.

They had parted in the small hours of the morning at George's rooms, to which the taxi-cab had brought them from Westminster. Bob's father's house was in the Bayswater Road, but since his people were not yet back from the seaside he did not mind at what hour he returned.

He had been rather subdued and silent during the drive. As soon as he and his friend were seated together in the taxi-cab he had grasped George's hand in a furtive sort of way and muttered "Thank you." But his voice was hoarse, and George was sure that there was something nearly approaching tears in his eyes.

"Poor little girl!" he muttered. "Poor Rosa! But I know it was for the best, the only thing to be done."

He said no more till the cab was well on its way up Whitehall, nor did George interrupt the current of his reflections. He had, indeed, enough to think about on his own account.

He had been led by a sudden impulse to betray himself to a woman who, by her own showing, was an adventurer, a thief, and the associate of thieves. There had been no reason why he should have done so except the peculiar sympathy which she had aroused in him, and the knowledge that in some way she must have been mixed up in his early life.

He had stepped in between this woman and her lover, put an end to the project which, crime though it was, she had hatched in the fond expectation that through it she would be saved from a life she loathed.

George had done this, and then he had blindly betrayed himself into her hands. She knew that he was George Annesley in reality; she knew that he was masquerading as George Hilton, the African explorer. He remembered the puzzled look which had come upon her face as she read the name upon the card which he had placed in her hand. She had been about to say something, but her speech had been interrupted by the return of Bob.

(Continued on page 56.)

Stout People's Deprivations.

HOW TO ESCAPE THEM.

Thousands of Needless Sufferers.

There are numberless men and women who for years have suffered from extreme obesity, with all the discomfort, ill-health, humiliations, and deprivations which that condition entails, simply because they have left untried the one sure remedy—the perfect home cure for obesity—perfect because permanent in its effects, pleasant, simple, and harmless. We allude, of course, to Antipon. "I only regret that I suffered more than half my life before hearing of Antipon," writes a grateful Yorkshire lady, who was very stout for five-and-twenty years, and gradually getting worse. She describes herself as having been "a breathless, tired woman" for years, deprived of comfort and health. Yet at the age of fifty she reduced her weight by no less than 52lb., and since ceasing to take Antipon, nearly two years ago, she has not gained an ounce in weight; and (she adds) "I feel so thoroughly set up in health, so strong and well." This lady can now get about with ease and comfort, and is no longer



a slave to the deprivations from which she suffered so long.

Another lady (an Anglo-Indian) was comparatively helpless at 246lb. in weight when she started taking Antipon, by means of which she soon reduced to 184lb.—a decrease of 62lb.—"and," she writes, "I can now take four-mile walks with ease. . . . Besides," she adds, "I have an excellent appetite and have never restricted myself in any form of diet." As will be explained, persons undergoing Antipon treatment are not only not deprived of wholesome nourishment, but become very good eaters, enjoying and thoroughly digesting their hearty, rational meals.

A gentleman well-known in the sporting world was getting so stout that he feared being deprived of his favourite sport—shooting. A course of Antipon under medical direction reduced him no less than 2st. 5lb., and he gratefully writes: "My doctor says I have got a new lease of life." But we could go on citing instances of the marvellous power of Antipon until we filled pages.

Ladies feel the condition of over-stoutness acutely, and are actually, or of their own accord, deprived of many things in which they once took an active part and a keen delight. Tennis, cycling, and hockey are given up. Walking is too tiring for anything but a short distance. At fashionable bathing resorts stout ladies sit enviously watching their slenderer sisters disporting themselves in the waves.

Antiquated methods of weight-reduction (and many modern methods, too) deprive the stout of sufficient food, and, incidentally, of strength and stamina. Mineral drugs deprive them of health. Such systems may, and do, reduce weight by weakening the body, but only so long as the patient can stand them.

Obesity is only really cured by conquering the tendency to develop fat excessively. Antipon does this as nothing else will. As fast as the superfluous fatty matter is eradicated by the daily doses of Antipon, the tendency to over-fatness is also eradicated, so that, with the final recovery of normal weight and a slender figure, a complete and permanent cure of the disease of obesity (one of the most obstinate diseases to combat) is effected, without any deprivations whatsoever.

Antipon is a splendid tonic to the whole system, and with the rapid return of normal conditions of weight and figure, health, strength, and vitality are thoroughly restored. The digestive economy is much improved, hence the renewed keen natural appetite can be indulged with plenty of strengthening food. The Antipon treatment is to that extent superbly reconstructive.

Between 8oz. and 3lb. (sometimes even more) will be taken off in the space of the first 24 hours; the subsequent daily reduction will afford the greatest pleasure and a delightful feeling of buoyancy and comfort.

Antipon, a refreshingly tart liquid, contains only the most harmless vegetable ingredients.

Antipon is sold in bottles price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount) carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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IN STRANGE SHOES (continued from
page 55).

George had not seen her again; he had stolen away, feeling that things would be said between the two young people which it was not well that he should hear. He had waited in the taxi-cab till Bob had appeared, and the latter, as he climbed in, had delivered a message—just a brief word. "Rosa says that she will come and see you, as you have asked her to, the day after to-morrow."

"She won't betray me, I'm sure of it," George muttered to himself. "I don't know what it may be, but it's clear that she has some reason for being grateful to me. We were friends in the past, she said; well, perhaps we may be friends in the future. Whatever Rosa may be, I can swear that she's not a bad girl at heart. I'll tell her everything, and it will be nice to have someone to whom I can unburden myself. I'll help her to run straight, as I said I would."

It was true that the burden of his secret lay very heavily upon him, the deception which he was practising and would have to continue practising before the world.

Bob broke in upon his reflections at this point. "She didn't cry," he said. "She was awfully plucky about it. If she had cried I expect I should have thrown everything to the winds and refused to give her up. But of course I knew that it was best for me, and so, poor girl, I had to agree to everything. But I believe she made herself out a jolly sight worse than she is. She told me that the police might take her any day—that she had been mixed up in robberies and swindles of all sorts. Do you think it's true, Mr. Hilton, or that she was putting it on? If it's true, oh! how can I ever thank you for pulling me out of such a hole?"

"You were in bad hands, Fauntleroy," replied George gravely, "whether Rosa is as much to blame as she made herself out to be to you or not. She was quite under the influence of this man Morrison, and you know the kind of fellow he is. He's got to run away from the police as it is."

"I know. But what did you say to her, Mr. Hilton, to make her give me up—that's what I can't understand."

George fenced with the question. It was impossible for him to admit the truth—how the story of her contemplated crime had been forced from Rosa by her recognition of himself in his true character.

Bob did not insist, once George had assured him that he had not brought about the desired result by any expenditure of money. "I couldn't have allowed you to do that for me, Mr. Hilton," he said. "It wouldn't have been playing the game. But I'm grateful to you—I can hardly tell you how grateful. You see"—he drew himself up with some dignity—"I'm proud of my name and of my prospects. I shouldn't like to be obliged to give up the army or to be cut by everyone I know. And Peggy—how pleased she'll be!"

"So you told Peggy all about it?" asked George, with a smile.

"Oh, yes, Peggy and I tell each other everything," responded the boy promptly; "we've been the best of chums ever since we were quite little. We always used to joke about being in love with each other, but there's never been anything in it really. And now"—he turned his head away and gazed out of the window—"well, I know that Peggy could never care for me in that way," he added quickly.

"Is there anyone else that you care for?" asked George, with some interest.

"No." The boy shook his head. "I often fancy that I'm falling in love, but I fall out of it just as quickly. My father wants me to marry a Miss Janet Macalister, but, from what I've heard of her, for I've never actually met her, the idea's too absurd for words. She's a raw-boned Scotch lassie"—here followed the description of the unfortunate Miss Janet Macalister, in very much the same words that it had been given to Peggy.

"I think I must have engaged myself to Rosa," he concluded with a whimsical smile, "just out of sheer desperation, and I'm afraid I may have more difficulty to get out of marrying Janet, without quarrelling with my people, than I've had with Rosa."

When they parted that night Bob shyly repeated his thanks. He had formed a great admiration for George Hilton, the man who, almost on the spur of the moment, could throw himself into the breach and settle difficulties in such a marvellous way.

"Aunt Emily ought to feel just as grateful as I do," he muttered to himself, as he took his departure, "and as for Peggy—well, she's a girl to be envied." He sighed a little, for he was beginning to realise that perhaps, if he had only given more serious thought to it in the past, if it hadn't always been such a mere joke between them, the brotherly affection which he felt for Peggy might have developed into something else.

But he loyally put the thought away from him. "It can't be helped now," was his mental admonition.

George slept little that night. He had a hard task before him in the morning—indeed, two hard tasks—and his mind was absolutely chaotic as to what the result might be.

In the first place, Lady Westmere might resent his interference, and yet, considering all things, this was hardly likely. Of course, he had not breathed a word to Bob on the subject of the forgery, nor was there need for anyone to know of it except himself. He would not even allow Lady Westmere to suspect that he knew; he would return her the bills, and that would probably be all.

Then Peggy—what was he to say to Peggy? The same old questions and replies rioted in his brain. He had come to no decision when at last he dropped off to sleep. "I must leave it all to destiny and the impulse of the moment." That was as far as he could get.

He was astir early, in spite of his short and troubled rest, and, having some time on his hands before it was necessary to join Bob at Paddington, he sat down at his desk to occupy himself with the manuscript of his book. He was copying from some notes, and he worked for a

while almost mechanically, his mind dwelling upon other things.

At last he turned and glanced at the clock, to see if it was time to go, and then, as he pushed his chair back, preparatory to rising, he realised that something rather curious and inexplicable had happened.

He had copied to the end of the page of notes before him, and then, still writing mechanically, he had continued dealing with the subject absolutely on his own account, and without any reference to notes whatever. He had been writing in the most natural way in the world about things of which he knew nothing at all, things which he could not be expected to know.

Wondering, he glanced down the written page. "Why, I expect I've been writing sheer nonsense," he muttered, "things just out of my own head. How absolutely ridiculous."

But he had not been writing sheer nonsense. He referred to the continuation of George Hilton's notes, and found that the particulars given by himself tallied exactly with the original.

He was puzzled for a time, then he found an explanation which satisfied him. "I must have read through those notes some time," he decided, "though I don't actually remember doing so. The recollection of them stuck in my brain. Of course, that's the reason."

With which he dismissed the subject from his mind, put away his papers, and prepared for the day's expedition.

They were met at Taplow Station by Peggy, who was driving a little governess cart, into which they all packed with some difficulty. Tatters accompanied her, and condescended to refrain from barking at the visitors. Peggy was apparently in good spirits, but she cast a suspicious glance at Bob, as if to ask him what this departure meant—why he had invited George Hilton to visit her aunt and herself. Could he not tell how painful it must be to her?

She treated George with pretty but palpably affected nonchalance. "I hoped that you would have come to see us before," she said; "but of course I know what a busy man you are, and how work must have accumulated during your illness."

The subject of the dastardly assault upon George and the inability of the police to trace the culprit lasted them till they reached "Moorlands," as Lady Westmere's house was called.

It was little more than a cottage, but charmingly gabled and creeper-covered. It stood in a fairly large garden, with neatly trimmed flower beds and a smooth surface of lawn. At the far end there was a rockery, from which a little wicker gate led to the wood, one of the spurs of the famous Burnham Beeches.

"You must show Mr. Hilton all over the garden after lunch, Peggy," Bob pronounced autocratically, "and you mustn't forget to take him to our own special beech tree. It's one of the features of the forest," he explained, turning to George. "I've christened it 'the ogre.' It's hundreds and hundreds of years old, and somehow it looks just like a man, with great knotted arms uplifted on either side of him. It's only on the branches which look like arms that there's any vestige of foliage. Yes, Peggy must show you 'the ogre.'"

Lady Westmere, tall and stately, but—as George could not fail to notice—nervous-eyed as well, greeted her nephew and his friend amiably, but without effusion. George wondered if she still bore him a grudge for his behaviour in regard to the first proposal of Lord Bardley for Peggy's hand. If so, she gave no sign of it. Perhaps, upon consideration, she had come to the conclusion that George, as the greatest friend of Peggy's father, had had a right to give his advice; perhaps she had realised that the advice was good, and her own conscience did not allow her to bear animosity.

Lunch was served in a delightfully bright dining-room, with French windows that opened on the lawn. The little party talked and laughed together, and it would have been hard for anyone to guess that each one of the four was bearing his or her own burden of trouble. There was some remark about Bob's damaged lip, but he contrived successfully to evade an explanation.

"Are you thinking of going on the river?" inquired Lady Westmere when lunch was over. "I think Mr. Hilton ought to see the Cliveden Woods; they are looking so beautiful just now."

"So are the Beeches," put in Bob. "For myself I vote for a quiet day here. It's really rather hot to fag down to the river." This was an unusual attitude for Bob to take up; as a rule he was never averse to any form of physical exercise.

And so, when Bob and Peggy had run out through the French windows into the garden, George and Lady Westmere were left alone, and the former seized the opportunity at once of tackling the duty he had to perform.

He acquitted himself very tactfully. It was inevitable that Bob's name should be introduced; inevitable, too, that Lady Westmere should conclude that Bob's informant as to her troubled circumstances had been Peggy. George and Bob had talked it out before their arrival, and had decided that this must be so.

"My aunt will be cross that I've talked about her—cross with Peggy, too, no doubt," Bob had said. "But it can't be helped. She will forgive us both when she realises what has been done for her. And, between you and me, Mr. Hilton, I believe that she'll be almost as glad as we are to be able to throw off Lord Bardley. He hasn't been altogether nice to her—Peggy told me that, too—and, besides, I know that my father called to see Aunt Emily one day, a month or so ago, when he heard of Bardley's first proposal. He's fond of Peggy, you know, is the governor, and he told my aunt things about Bardley which must have opened her eyes. So I think you can go ahead and tell her just exactly how you learnt the truth."

So George acted upon this advice. He explained that he had heard through Bob of Lady Westmere's financial difficulties. It was his interest in Peggy, he explained, that had led him to venture to intervene. It would be

so hard upon Peggy, whom Lady Westmere must practically regard as a daughter, if things went wrong. And so—here George produced the bills and handed them to Lady Westmere.

Bob had been right in his conclusions. Lady Westmere was at first inclined to resent interference in her affairs. She was a proud woman, and she had been accustomed to hold her head high.

But the last few weeks of strain had done much to break her spirit; also, no doubt, the terrible scene with Morrison which she must have lived through the day before. And now this strain was removed from her. The two bills, those documents which had been the curse of her life, were safely in her hands. There was no longer that ghastly fear of exposure, of social degradation, of the staining of a name hitherto spotless.

Lady Westmere collapsed into a chair, her nervous fingers clasping the notes. Her lips were twitching, her shoulders quivering. For the moment she was a pitiful object to look upon.

"I don't know how to thank you," she faltered at last. "I don't know what I ought to say. You have saved me—oh! you have saved me from more than I can tell you."

Suddenly the quivering of her shoulders recommenced. She shook all over. Her thin, aristocratic hands, covered with rings, clutched the wooden arms of the chair; her face was blanched with the anguish of a sudden fear. She had guessed that George must know the truth.

"That man Morrison," she gasped. "He is a rogue, a blackmailer. He wouldn't have sold you these bills for their face value. I know him too well. Mr. Hilton, you have paid a larger sum than you profess to have done." She lowered her voice to a painful whisper. "Heaven above, do you know?"

(Another long instalment next week.)

JUST LIKE HIS SEX.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Harry wanted to buy his sister a little birthday present. His heart throbbed with joy at the thought, though he had only threepence in his pocket.

Nevertheless, he went out shopping, and returned with a very satisfied air.

"Well, Harry," said his mother, "and have you bought your little sister a present?"

"Yes, mamma," answered the youngster.

"And what did you get her?"

"I got her a cream-puff," he said.

"But, Harry," exclaimed his mother, "you know your sister's birthday isn't till next Tuesday, and it won't last that time!"

"That's just exactly what I thought after I bought it, mother," replied Harry calmly, "so I ate it!"

RESTAURANT COOK (to new assistant): "Mix three tablespoonfuls of condensed milk with a half a pint of flour, some water, and a couple o' spoonfuls of starch. Quick, now!"

New Assistant: "Yes, sir. What's it for?"

Cook (slapping some bread on a gridiron): "Got an order for cream toast."

"Do you find poultry keeping pays?"

"Well, no; I can't say that it pays me, but I think that it pays my boy Jim."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, I bought him the fowls: I have to pay for their keep, and buy the eggs from him, and he eats them."

THAT ROUSED HIM.

THE boy's eyes were closed, and all attempts to rouse him were ineffectual. The physician had watched by the bedside for half an hour without success, and finally announced that the only hope of saving his life was to rouse him from his stupor.

"Cannot some of you induce him to make some exertion?" he asked. "We can do nothing unless we can make him do something for himself."

Then the boy's mother went to the bedside and pleaded with him to rouse himself for her sake, but there was not even a motion of the muscles of the face to show that he heard. She told him how much she would do for him, and what nice times they would have when he got well, but he did not stir.

The father spoke of buying him a pony and a little shot-gun, but he did not seem to understand. Even the mention of a circus and a pantomime passed unheeded, and he gave up in despair.

Then the sick boy's little brother crept to the bedside, and said softly:

"Eddie, the people who lived in that big house up the avenue, with the lot of windows and the greenhouse, have moved, and the place is empty."

The eyes slowly opened, and the little brother went on exultantly:

"All the boys is going there Monday to shy some stones through the windows."

"Who gets first crack at 'em?" asked the sick boy feebly.

"You do," replied the little brother. "The boys gives you first shy 'cause you can throw straighter than any of 'em."

"Jupiter! I'll make the people as owns that house think there's been an earthquake!" exclaimed the invincible boy, trying to sit up in bed. "My! won't we have fun, though?"

"He'll live!" cried the doctor joyfully, and the little brother was taken out and feasted on pie and tarts until he was well nigh ill.

It is no easy matter to find many words to rhyme with novel, but it's many times harder to find an equal to THE NOVEL MAGAZINE—it's impossible.



Everything's not "Rotten"

A Cheerful Article by Our Own Optimist.

THERE are lots of people nowadays whose chief delight in life seems to be to run about and poke a bony forefinger in your ribs, and assure you that everything is rotten—"rankly rotten, sir."

Nothing pleases pessimists better than for you to believe the nonsense they write and talk, and, if you do, you would be quite justified in seeking a quick exit from this world and all its alleged evils.

You, however, being like myself, a person of sound common sense, who takes a bright and cheery view of the world, and men, and things, won't do anything half so melancholy. Why should you?

Everything Has Its Bright Side.

Everything under the sun (that dear, old, much-abused sun), has its bright side; those lachrymose lunatics who can't see it, or, rather, say they can't see it, are simply talking through their hate—and very good hats they are for the money, too, I dare say. It's a pity they don't rest on more worthy heads, that's all.

And that brings me to the point I wanted to arrive at. There are—despite what the puling, peevish pessimists would have us believe—some worthy heads in the world. This is not quite the age of mediocrity that the fretful fraternity would fain make out.

Nay, nay, sir; on the contrary, madam.

Take almost anything you like. True, in one or two cases—notably, art and music—there are practically no outstanding figures at the moment, but surely that does not, *ipso facto*, point to mediocrity.

"Oh, dear, no," it points to a high standard of all-round excellence, ye cackling croakers!

Better for a hundred skilled craftsmen, than one genius and ninety-nine duffers; infinitely more excellent a race in which the competitors are much of a muchness, than one in which some phenomenal performer leaves all the others "in the cart" from the pistol shot.

And what applies to art and music, applies with equal force to other things—diplomacy, drama, liter-

ature—the list of the moaning malcontents goes on *ad nauseam*.

But to go for them on their own ground—comparison between present and past.

First, it is a pessimistic catch-phrase that we have no statesman to-day comparable with Pitt, Beaconsfield, or Gladstone. The tattling truth-twisters are singularly ignorant of, among other things, history, and they lump names together and hurl them at you utterly regardless of the simple fact that the owners of these names were not all on the earth at the same period.

Now, their statement is as far removed from the truth as you and I are from its authors. We have a statesman who is among the greatest the world has ever known.

His name is King Edward, and I challenge, without lifting my eyes to the godlings of the gallery, the Pet, or any other old pessimist, to name a more able or admirable one.

The bony finger of scorn is next pointed at us because we have no Shakespeare, no Scott, no Dickens—another typical pessimistic historical hotch-potch—and our drama and literature are freely labelled mediocre.

Fame Usually Comes After Death.

To that I would say to the shuteye society, go and read Kipling, especially his short stories, and go and see some of J. M. Barrie's plays, and then tell me whether these are mediocre things emanating from the brains of mediocrities.

I would also point out to the tosh talkers that it is the usual thing for an artist, a musician, a writer, and a poet to become more famous after death than in life.

But let that pass and let us look at another bright side.

Take education, it is advancing daily; medicine and science are going on merrily, and periodically startling the world with new discoveries; and those that don't know of the strides that are being made in engineering, both electrical and aerial, really ought to spend a few ha'pence on newspapers.

An age of Mediocrity? Nonsense! An age of Mastery!

PROFESSOR STONE: "To the geologist a thousand years or so are not counted as any time at all."

Man in the audience: "Great Scott! And to think I made a temporary loan of two pounds to a man who holds such views."

HOW GERMANY DEALS WITH HER POOR.

By the Secretary of the Guild of Help.

FIFTY years ago Daniel von der Heydt, a man of generous sympathies, seeing the vain efforts that were being made to deal with distress in his native town, Elberfeld, thought out a plan whereby poverty might be relieved, and, still better, pauperism prevented.

This was to be done by the voluntary help of those who were willing to supplement their philanthropic efforts by taking an active part in the administration of charitable funds for the alleviation of acute distress, and, at the same time, by means of labour bureaux and a system of labour registration to afford a means for those who were willing to work to tide over a temporary difficulty, preserve their self-respect, and add to the common fund of prosperity instead of being a burden upon it.

This system has been so successful that there are now in Elberfeld, which has a population of about 150,000, thirty-seven captains, each responsible for a district, and each with fourteen "armenpflegers" (helpers of the poor) in charge of sub-districts.

These combine in a measure the duties of our guardians of the poor and of relieving officers. They visit the homes of the distressed, inquire into the need for immediate help, and, when that is supplied, take means by the aid of the labour bureaux to find employment for those capable of working.

All this work is voluntary, all is done in a sympathetic way that robs the help of any appearance of offensive patronage. Anyone in distress can apply to the local captain or sub-officer. In most cases these are known to the applicants personally.

In this way Elberfeld has got rid of pauperism and the unspeakable suffering that poverty begets in our large towns, and throughout Germany the example has been followed with more or less success.

The Guild of Help which has been formed in London has for its object the carrying out of some such plan as this throughout the great metropolis.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Why did you keep that boy so long, Jane?" recently asked a lady of her servant, who had just taken in a syphon of soda-water.

"Please, ma'am, he wanted to know if he could have 'a returned empty,' so I drew off the water into a jug and let 'im 'ave it. I drew it all off, ma'am," was the reassuring reply.



HUDSON'S SOAP

Makes Tables, Floors, and every kind of Woodwork spotlessly clean and white. It keeps the Home sweet and wholesome, and
HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

It is a very long time since Hudson's Soap was first introduced. Love of Cleanliness ensured a welcome for it. Loyalty to the housewife has strengthened that welcome. **Grandchildren of the original users are using Hudson's to-day.** Folks do not change except for the better, and you cannot better Hudson's Soap.

FOR EVERY KIND OF CLEANING.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

ETIQUETTE OF
GLOVES.

They Should Harmonise with the Dress.

THE effect of a pretty dress has often been spoilt, all because the wearer has not paid enough attention to her gloves.

If only a few simple rules are learned the rest comes easily. In the first place coloured gloves should be avoided, the term coloured meaning gloves of pink, blue, green, and reddish tints.

Red-brown is allowable, especially in winter; brown and black and grey are always good; white is seldom out of place, and this year yellowish and pinkish yellow gloves are to be extensively worn. There is no occasion and no time when it is strictly good taste to wear gloves of any colour save those mentioned.

**Brown Gloves for
Tailor-made Suits.**

If the dress is in a dark shade—green, navy blue, crimson—wear black, dark grey, or brown gloves on all ordinary occasions; if the dress is in white or some light colour, wear white or yellowish gloves.

Brown gloves are good for all tailor-made suits, but they are not considered dressy unless the whole costume be of the same shade.

White gloves are always proper and absolutely necessary with full dress, except on rare occasions, when the costume is all black.

Black gloves are good style, but rather sombre for evening dress. It is not good taste to wear black gloves with white or very light dresses, particularly in summer.

Yellowish and pinkish yellow gloves should only be worn with coloured dresses, and not in the evening. Of course white dresses demand white gloves.

Grey gloves at the moment are not much in favour, but when they are worn they usually accompany black tailor-made suits or grey costumes.

**Silk and Cotton Gloves
Not Dressy.**

Not only must the colour be correct and appropriate, but the material must also be taken into consideration.

Silk and cotton gloves are at no time dressy. If they are worn it should be in the morning with a linen dress. They are allowable when shopping; for calling, nothing less than chamois is proper. Silk and cotton gloves should be chosen only in white, black, or tan.

Chamois gloves are rather informal, though they are cool for summer. Besides that, they may be washed at home. They come only in two shades—the natural and the white, and the former is more popular this year. Chamois gloves are worn with strictly tailor-made suits and morning frocks.



"I Want to be Quiet"

Man is Full of Moods, and is Often
Misunderstood.

A REALLY sympathetic woman can always get along well with her husband. In the word sympathy, nestles the secret of domestic happiness, waiting to be discovered and carefully nurtured by the woman who wants to "get along," but who cannot.

In the first place, most men are sensitive. External things exercise an enormous influence over them. They feel and shudder accordingly if the atmosphere of the home is gloomy. They grow buoyant when the fires are lighted and when there are cheerful faces and happy voices about them.

Then—men are changeable. Usually they like to be loved and made a fuss over, but there are times when they desire to be left alone, and it is here that the question of sympathy and understanding comes in.

A woman, who herself is equable and of a cheerful disposition, often fails to realise the importance of letting her husband alone when he desires to be let alone. She only sees that he seems glum and depressed, and is possessed of a natural desire to cheer him. So she begins:

"John, dear, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear."

"But you're so quiet."

"I feel quiet. I'm tired."

"Did you have a hard day?"

"Yes, dear."

"What did you do?"

"Oh—why—the usual things, my dear, the usual things. Go on with your reading. I don't feel in a mood for talking."

**Goes Into a Corner
and Sulk.**

And then the woman who is not sympathetic—in the real way—thinks he's cross, goes off into a corner, and wishes that she was at home with her mother, and looks so downcast and miserable that her husband, who by that time has become immersed in his paper, chancing to look up, discovers that he has done "something or other." Then he is forced to put down his reading,

put aside his feeling of weariness, and comfort that other half, who is merely suffering from a case of misunderstanding of what sympathy really is.

Real sympathy consists of knowing how to coincide with various moods. The woman who talks when her husband shows plainly he wants to keep silence is not nearly so irritating as the woman who, when her husband comes home in a jovial frame of mind, greets him pensively and smiles patiently while he relates to her something which has had to do with the day's work.

"Yes, dear," is her only comment.

Then he tells her something about one of his friends at the office. She looks at him with abstracted eyes, thinking all the time of her own affairs. Finally something he says demands an answer and she says:

"Yes, dear," patiently.

"Yes, dear," more patiently. Finally, with an air of martyrdom, "Yes, dear. By the way, I think that we shall have to get a new cook. Mary wears me out. She is so noisy."

The husband, who is still thinking of his narrative, answers vaguely, "Oh, yes—no. I don't see anything the matter with her. I wouldn't change if I were you."

Then the wife tragically exclaims, "That's always the way—you never are interested in anything that I am interested in. You're the same as all men. You're selfish!"

**Present-day Husband
Wants a "Pal."**

Now, just how he has been selfish, of course the poor man doesn't know. He is left floundering in doubt while his wife, with an expression of patient forbearance, sinks back and reads the want-advertisements.

The up-to-date man demands a companion, and the woman who is merely housekeeper cannot supply this need. He wants a "pal" to come home to. He wants someone who understands.

Marriage is a partnership and it will never be a success unless it is regarded as such. So—stop thinking of that husband of yours as "the provider." Give him a more dignified place in your thoughts.

Sympathise with him as sincerely and cordially as you do with the boy when he cuts his finger or your baby girl when she bumps her head; and you will find that, in return, he will give to you that whole-souled confidence which means so much when given by a man to his wife.

THE MORE
CONSTANT SEX.

By a Pretty Girl



WOMEN, as a rule, are under the impression that they are more constant than men. This is only natural, but as a matter of fact men are as a sex just as faithful and constant as women.

All reasoning to the contrary will, if examined, be found to be unsound and illogical. Most women will resent a little the assurance of that which they are rightly supposed to desire most—fidelity and constancy on the part of lover or husband equal to their own.

**Resents Being
Called Faithful.**

And for this reason, most women, even the sanest and most cheerful, take a certain sentimental enjoyment in the falsely acquired reputation they have earned as the much abused and much deceived sex.

So, too, will the average man resent the statement that, after all, he is not nearly so unfaithful and inconstant as he is commonly supposed to be, but that he is really quite as much to be commended for these virtues as his wife, his sisters, or his mother.

The average man will repudiate any attempt to remove the great injustice under which he has so long lived and loved, any attempt to reinstate him in the position to which he belongs as the equal of woman in faithfulness and constancy.

The average man takes an arrogant pride in the equally false reputation he has earned for himself as the gay deceiver of the too loving and confiding woman. He prides himself upon his ability to love two or more women at the same time, and he will ingeniously explain the alleged phenomenon as arguing a larger mental capacity on his part.

**Not Borne Out
by Facts.**

But the facts and experience of life do not bear out this assumption that men are necessarily inconstant.

On the contrary, the facts and experience of life, as they impress the more thoughtful, whether men or women, all go to prove that the greater faithfulness of the male in those tender and delicate relations is only another of those ancient myths handed down to us from time immemorial.

Just as soon as woman learns to base her conceptions of men, not upon "intuition" so called, not upon the superstitions taught her by other women, but upon the dictates of her own sound common sense, then, and only then, will there be an end of what is termed the "war of the sexes."

SOME DAINY DISHES AND HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Floor

Browned in the oven is a very good thickening for brown gravies.

Tender Feet.

People who are subject to tender and blistered feet will do well to rub the soles every night with methylated spirit to harden the skin.

Fire-Irons

Need constant attention in the summer, unless they are put away. It is well after cleaning to rub them with a cloth slightly moistened with vaseline.

Saturday Pudding.

Butter a small pie-dish, and sprinkle into it a teaspoonful of fine cake crumbs. Cover with a thin layer of raspberry jam. Beat up half a pint of milk with one egg, add a few chopped almonds, and pour into the dish. Bake in a moderate oven till set.

A Lunch Cake.

Rub four ounces of butter and lard into half a pound of flour. Add to it a quarter of a pound of ground rice, a quarter of a pound of sultanas, three ounces of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix with an egg and a little milk. Bake in a greased tin for an hour.

To Clean a White Hearthrug.

I think many besides yourself will be glad of this recipe at this season, so I gladly give it. Place a quart of dry bran in the oven, make it very hot, and then rub well into the rug. Roll up the rug, and leave it for twenty-four hours, and then shake well. A second application may be necessary. (Reply to WIMBLEDON COMMON.)

For Brass,

A useful polish is made by moistening powdered rotten stone with methylated spirit. (Thanks to GERTRUDE S.)

When Arranging Flowers

Have a large square of American cloth laid on the table to preserve the cloth. This made of a pretty green bound with ribbon is ornamental and useful.

Inexpensive Ice-Cream.

Take a gallon of new milk, keep back a pint, and put the rest on to warm. With the pint make a custard with two eggs and two ounces of cornflour. When the milk is nearly boiling add the custard mixture, and stir till it thickens, sweetening it to taste. When cool, freeze in the ordinary way. (Reply to SEASIDE.)

Strawberry Pudding.

Fill a pint mould with breadcrumbs, put them in a basin, and pour over half a pint of boiling milk, and beat well with a fork. Flavour with two ounces of strawberry jam passed through a sieve. Beat an egg till pale, stir it into the pudding, and steam in a buttered mould for half an hour. Serve with a little hot custard round.

Baked Currant Pudding.

Put into a basin three-quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of chopped suet, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a quarter of a pound of currants, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice. Mix into a light dough with one egg and milk. Put into a greased pie-dish, bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Turn out and serve with sugar dusted over.

Carron Oil

Is an invaluable remedy for burns. It is made of equal parts of pure olive oil and limewater, and will keep for any length of time.

Eiderdown Quilt,

Folded in four and put into pretty covers, make excellent sofa cushions. This is a useful way of storing them when not needed on the beds.

Skim Milk

Can be used as a substitute for white of egg when covering jam pots. Brush the paper with the skim milk and cover the jam pots while hot. (Reply to PRESERVE.)

Almond Buns.

Cream quarter of a pound of sugar with two ounces of butter, add two eggs, then sift in gradually two ounces of flour, a quarter of a pound of ground rice, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Grease some patten tins, half fill with the mixture, sprinkle chopped almonds on the top, and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Hot Cakes

Are always liked for tea. Try this recipe: Put two teaspoonfuls of baking powder into one pound and a half of flour, add a tablespoonful of castersugar. Rub into it lightly six ounces of lard or well clarified dripping, and mix with milk into a firm dough. Roll out to an inch thick, and cut into shapes with a tumbler. Bake in a hot oven till brown on one side, and then turn over and bake the other side. When cooked, split them in half and butter them, put them together again, and serve hot for tea.

Potato Blocks

Are nice at this time of year, when the old potatoes are not very good. Boil and mash one pound of potatoes, add one ounce of butter, the yolk of an egg, pepper and salt, and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Knead all together, then roll out on a floured board to about one inch and a half thick, cut into blocks; brush over with milk, and brown nicely in the oven. These are a nice accompaniment to cold meat, or as a garnish for made dishes.

Meat Cake.

Chop finely half a pound of cold meat and a quarter of a pound of lean bacon or ham, add to it two hard-boiled eggs in slices, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, pepper, salt, and some good gravy. Grease a cake tin and sprinkle it with breadcrumbs, fill with the meat, and pour in a little good gravy. Tie over with greased paper and bake for three-quarters of an hour. When cold, turn out and serve.

Pickled Walnuts.

Make the pickle while the nuts can still be pierced with a pin. Make a brine of salt and water boiled, and strong enough to bear an egg when cold. Soak the nuts in it for six days—put them in fresh brine for six days more, then drain, and put the nuts in a jar. For the pickle, boil together two quarts of vinegar, half ounce each of peppercorns, ginger, mace, mustard-seeds, and horseradish. Pour over the nuts when cold, and tie down with bladder. Leave for six months. (Reply to WALNUT TREE.)

"Take my money if you like, sir," began the frightened man to grovel. "But, oh, kind Mister Footpad, spare, do spare my NOVEL."



How to get the Most Good from your Holiday

"The very worst thing many people can do is to take a holiday—because they do not know how to use it healthfully."

So says a well-known Harley Street specialist. And with every summer his opinion is more and more confirmed by the number of cases of "holiday-illness" and "holiday-fatigue" that come to him for advice.

The worst thing many people can do is to take a holiday! And this although the annual "change" or "rest" is to-day more than ever essential to the health of those who work in "the chains of circumstance."

There are thousands of men and women whose yearly "outing" by the seaside or in the country, on the river, or amid the moors, is positively injurious to their health. Not even the noisome fogs of November, or the influenza-laden winds of spring, bring about half so many cases of often serious illness—illness the effects of which may perhaps last all the year round—as does this summer sojourn in the sunshine.

People Blame "Change of Air" or "Different Water."

A man, for instance, leaves his office desk. He leaves his cell-like occupation. He leaves the close, confined atmosphere of the city. He goes away into the fresh, ozone-laden, tonic-bestowing air. He develops an appetite. The air makes him hungry; but—and this is an important point—the air cannot help him to digest the extra amount of food he naturally takes to satisfy his appetite. He wants something more than air. He wants something to strengthen his digestive powers. Through the sedentary life that is his for the greater part of the year they are but weak. In some cases they are on the verge of breakdown, and when they are suddenly called upon to assimilate large quantities of food—why, then they rebel—they become disorganised—and the

holiday-maker finds himself afflicted with Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headache or Neuralgia, Indigestion, Constipation, and "Summer Slackness" as the result. It is for this reason that—if you are wise—you will—

Before } the Holiday Season
During }
After }

take proper steps to aid the working of your digestive organs, to tone up your nervous system and to purify your blood, by taking just a dessertspoonful of that splendid cordial, "Guy's Tonic," five minutes after meals. You will find that this will "regulate" and "tone up" the whole of your system. It will enable you—however constitutionally delicate you may be—to get the utmost possible good out of your holidays when you take them. It will also prevent the occurrence—which

otherwise is almost inevitable—of that tired, over-taxed feeling, that indigestion, that constipation, that bilious headache, after you have again returned to your everyday life.

Now this is not a costly plan for making the most of your holiday. You can get quite a large-sized bottle of this splendid strengthening tonic for 2s. 6d.; or a smaller-sized one for 1s. 1d., at any chemist or stores. But you will find it will add £10—or even £100, according to the value you place upon your health and fitness for a whole year—worth to the value of your stay at the seaside, or in the country, or whatever other place you choose. Try a dose after the heartiest meal of the day. Note how it will aid your digestion. Note, too, the good effect upon other functions of your vital organs. You will be delighted with what "Guy's Tonic" will do for you in creating a general comforting sense of well-being.

There will be—
No Flatulence, No Stomach Heaviness,
No Heartburn, No Head-Dullness,
No General Feeling of Physical and Mental Inertia.

Instead, you will feel as feels the man or woman who, after doing a day's hard work, rises like a giant refreshed by the rest, change, and food of a good and well-digested meal.

The Holiday Health Harvest.

Although your food may be no better than usual—indeed, it may be actually inferior—you will feel that you have partaken of food of an unusually nutritious quality. That will be because your stomach will be enabled to thoroughly digest your food—it will be enabled to extract from your food every particle of nutrition. This is the worth-while aid that Guy's Tonic will always bring to your stomach, its glands, its

nerves, and its muscles. And—note carefully—the bowels are closely linked up with the stomach, and the healthy good-working of that most often sluggish (because congested) part of the human body.

There is no reason, even if you do live a sedentary life, why you should not possess a good natural appetite and digestion all the year round. There is no need to wait for the too suddenly stimulated appetite given to the jaded work-wearied man or woman by the keener air of sea or country. Take "Guy's Tonic" five minutes after meals, and that hearty, healthy craving for food which is by far the best—because the natural—excitant of the gastric juice will become your signal of a good digestion also.

This is what "Guy's Tonic" does. It clears and cleanses the system, as the rain, winds, and sunshine cleanse and clear the air. The taking of a tablespoonful (children a dessertspoonful, young children a teaspoonful) after each meal (1) before, (2) during, and (3) after your holiday will enable you to receive additional and lasting health and benefit from your vacation—to receive, in fact, a benefit that will endure strong and true until you once again go holiday-making.

In every seaside town, in every holiday resort, in every centre of population which contains a chemist shop or stores, this great Holiday and Work-day Digestive and Nerve Tonic (known and appreciated throughout the world as "Guy's Tonic") may be obtained either in 1s. 1d. bottles, or in larger size bottles at 2s. 6d.

YOU MAY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FREE OFFER.

If you would prefer to put Guy's Tonic to the test at no expense, except for three penny stamps required to pay actual cost of postage, the Proprietors of this world-famous Tonic will be delighted to send you a generous sample bottle. With it will be enclosed two highly interesting and useful booklets, and a letter of excellent advice.

Use the coupon below—which it would be better to fill up to-day, in case you forget—and send with three penny stamps to the address given. By return you will receive the complete outfit carefully packed in plain wrapper.

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Please address your application to

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Arrangements have been made with the Shaw, Savill & Albion Co., the New Zealand Shipping Co., and the Federal-Moulder-Shire Lines, for

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for 2nd and 3rd Class Passages. At the present time, reduced rate passages are limited to experienced Farmers, Farm Labourers, Shepherds, and good Makers, who, if approved, must take not less than £25 with them. Domestic (Women) Servants will be granted passages at the reduced rates subject to their taking with them not less than £2. For application forms and further information, both as to passages and also as to other matters relating to New Zealand, apply to the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 13 Victoria Street, London; or the Agents in the United Kingdom of the above Shipping Companies.

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DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE

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Relieves and Quickly Cures Cold in the Head, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia in the Head, Painful Discharge.

A CHARM FOR HEADACHE.

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Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Price 1/- or post free in U.K. 14 stamps.

MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, READING.

Enlargement OF M.A.P.

MY READERS WILL REMEMBER that when I resumed the editorship of M.A.P. some months ago I promised to introduce several new features. These changes required some time to carry out, and it is only now that I am able to announce that the changes have been completed, and that M.A.P. is now appearing with MANY NEW AND ATTRACTIVE FEATURES.

The number of pages has been increased to thirty-two and I am introducing quite new factors. Fiction is now a leading and indeed the most popular feature in journalism. Every paper has to have it; from the biggest morning paper to the smallest weekly.

I have been lucky in my choice of the first serial story that is now appearing in the new and enlarged paper. No writer of the younger generation has jumped more rapidly into universal acceptance and popularity than Mr. W. J. Locke. His delightful stories—original, rapid in movement, acute in observation, and clear cut in portrait-painting—have become household words in thousands of homes; and the stage, through the adaptation of his stories, has made his chief creations almost living and real acquaintances of every theatre-goer.

"SIMON THE JESTER," the story of Mr. Locke which I have been lucky enough to secure, is not—as its name might suggest—a mediæval story. It is a story of actual modern life. Its central figure is one of the most attractive and appealing of the many delightful female figures Mr. Locke's imagination has created: wistful, wayward, misunderstood, and finally revealing herself in all the beauty of her sweetness and truth. The other figure is a strong picture of an unselfish man's love; indeed, the love interest is the mainspring of the story; and it is a worthy love in both the man and the woman. The scene shifts itself rapidly, now it is in the hard streets of London, now on the sunny shore of Algiers, and it ranges over all the wide circle of life represented by such contrasted spheres as the floor of the House of Commons and the variety stage.

The new M.A.P. will be more than ever the most popular, most widely-read, and best-loved personal and social journal that has ever been produced in England.

T. P. O'CONNOR.

GET THE NEW "M.A.P." TO-DAY.

WHEN OUT OF SORTS

the wisest course is undoubtedly to take Beecham's Pills. By so doing you call to your aid one of the most reliable curative agents known, and ensure a speedy and natural recovery. The "out of sorts" condition being almost always due to a derangement of the digestive organs, it is obvious that what is required is a medicine that can successfully deal with all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. If you

TAKE

Beecham's Pills you lay the foundation of good sound robust health and incidentally remove the "out of sorts" condition. The immediate effect of these pills is to put the digestion thoroughly in order and when once this is achieved perfect health cannot fail to follow. Unlike the merely temporary effects of stimulants, a permanent exhilaration that springs from steady nerve force results from taking

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Beecham's Pills are specially suitable for Females of all ages.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).



As most of you are probably aware, early in September of this year we shall be just one thousand weeks old, and we are going to have the very best number we've ever turned out for that issue. In fact, I may say that the pick of Great Britain's best writers will be setting their brains to work to write something that will interest, elevate, or amuse you. It is, of course, early days yet to talk about the contents, but you may like to know that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, famous all over the world for his writings, is contributing a poem to the number. This is just one of many, many, good things which will be put before you. I will tell you more later.

A Coming Event.

"For this last two years I have had an idea that I can cure cancer by a decoction from a certain herb. Can you tell me the best way to test it, as I think if it would be of any use to suffering humanity, 'tis a sin for me to be keeping it to myself? Of course I have not told anybody what this herb is." So writes NIL DESPERANDUM.

It seems to me, NIL DESPERANDUM, that your course is quite clear. If you only wish to benefit your fellow beings rather than merely to make money out of a patent medicine, there can be no harm in your taking your local chemist into your confidence. Tell him what your remedy is and why you have faith in it, then if he thinks there is reason in your contention there are plenty of doctors who would be only too pleased to investigate your discovery, and perhaps to try the effect of your decoction on a culture of the microbes of the disease, if such exist. I'm sure I wish you success.

Bull's-eyes to Order.

Our near Boulder City, West Australia, where the gold comes from, they have lately been firing several new rifle ranges. It is usual in such cases, some leading shot of the neighbourhood has been asked to fire the first shot. "I have been much struck," writes J. N., "by the peculiar fact that they are invariably scored bulls. On one occasion the opener was a lady who had never fired a rifle before. It is by no means easy to score a bull here, for the wind is very tricky. Do you think they load the rifle with a blank cartridge and shove up the white disc as a matter of form?"

Shouldn't wonder, J. N. It would never do for the distinguished opener to share the same fate as the recruit, who, after his first shot on an ordinary range with six targets, turned round to the instructor and remarked in disappointed tones: "By gum, sergeant, missed the lot!" Still, I should have thought that in such a breezy part of the world as Boulder City, you could have found plenty of celebrities who know how to handle a gun. Don't tell me that even in the goldfields the gentle art of "pumping lead" into your enemy is going out of fashion!

Music Hath Charms?

"I HAVE a cat and a dog," writes WORKMAN, "which live quiet and comfortable lives as a rule. When I try to play a tune on my tin whistle, however, the cat runs out the back way, and the dog sits in front of me and makes a noise. I wonder if you could explain to me why they act like this."

Not having heard you play your whistle, WORKMAN, I cannot, of course, be certain about it, but I am inclined to think that the action of your pets is not exactly complimentary. Of course the dog may be trying to say: "How beautiful! What a lot of soul he puts into it! Encore!" and the cat may be running off to fetch other feline music-lovers to share the treat, but all the probabilities seem to point in the other direction. I had a terrier some years ago who was afflicted in the same way with regard to barrel organs. He used to sit on the front door-step, and as soon as Señor Macaroni struck up "Annie Laurie," or some other new and catchy air, he would begin to utter the most appalling howls I have ever heard. The result was that after a little while my house was practically free from street music. I miss that dog terribly.

Sacked!

"WHEN a man gets dismissed from a situation," asks J. M., "why do we say that he has got the sack?"

The phrase is supposed to have come from Turkey, J. M. In the palmy days of Abdul and his predecessors, before the Young Turks took to interfering, the sack was an exceedingly popular implement on the banks of the Golden Horn. If one of the wives of a Pasha suddenly developed a bad temper or began to think that she ought to have a vote, she was promptly and effectively presented with the order of the sack. In other words, she was put inside one, and unostentatiously dropped out of the window into the Golden Horn. It is probable that murders of this sort are still fairly frequent, but, under the more enlightened rule of the Committee of Union and Progress, an end will gradually be put to such dark deeds.

He Likes Natural Complexions.

"My young lady," complains ANTI-PAINT, "has the nasty habit of putting cosmetics on her face. I have told her that if she does not discontinue I shall give her up, but she passes my protest off lightly, knowing I love her too well. The other day I ventured to say that, 'Ladies are getting vainer every day.' 'You are mistaken,' she answered, 'for Egyptian ladies used to do it thousands of years ago.' Is she right?"

Your young lady is certainly right, ANTI-PAINT for it was a common practice for the ladies to try and artificially enhance their beauty. Their faces were rouged, and the eyes often had a grey line beneath them, and the lashes and eyebrows pencilled in black; and as is the modern custom, the finger nails were stained with a preparation from the henna plant. If you visit our museums you will see little pots and vases formerly filled with these colours and the pencils they used with them similar to those your young lady uses now.

Japanese for the Postman.

"Don't you think," inquires J. H. T., "that it would be a lot better if envelopes were addressed with the town first—thus:—
London, 246 Park Lane,
J. C. Smythe, Esq."

The Japanese have this system, and I must say I think it an excellent one.

So do I, J. H. T.; in fact, I have always wondered why the Post Office don't insist upon its being introduced. It would surely simplify sorting enormously. At present the name of the town—the most important part—is often screwed away into the bottom corner in such a manner as to be almost unreadable. Both the Japanese and Chinese have one or two other excellent ideas which we might well copy.

I think, for instance, that the plan of paying your doctor a small sum while you are well, and stopping it directly you get sick is an eminently sound one; while there is also much to be said for the system of bestowing titles. When a man is made a peer—or what corresponds to it in China—instead of ennobling his descendants he ennobles all his ancestors. This is as it should be, for whatever merit there is in his merits is undoubtedly due to them. How nice it must be to feel that there is always a sporting chance of your becoming a Duke after you are dead!

Bed-and-Work writes: "I was just reading a paper which says, 'Some men never succeed because they are afraid of doing more than their share.' Now, I am in a grocer's shop, and work 76 hours per week, and I start prompt to time, and when I don't finish prompt to time—which is nearly every night—I let the 'Last minute customers' know without words what I think of them, as I have only about 1½ hours before bedtime to myself. Now does the above motto allude to such as me whose existence is 'Get up and go to work and go home and go to bed'? Perhaps some 'Last minute customers,' as they are known to tradesmen, will take a hint from this and shop early."

It is not a difficult matter to sympathise very sincerely with you, BED-AND-WORK, and if you are not strong physically I can quite understand how trying and monotonous those long hours become. Nevertheless, it is an actual fact that men even as hard-worked as you have managed to forge ahead through devoting that last 1½ hours to their business, thinking schemes out, and so on, and in that way have gone to the top. But there are some things even more precious than success, BED-AND-WORK, and health is one of them. It's little use overstraining the body permanently for the sake of a little extra money in the bank.

Can't Remember.

M. C. F. has lately come across several stories relating to people who have lost their memories and begun to live fresh lives. "I notice," he writes, "that none mention how far this loss of memory extends. Perhaps you can enlighten me. My theory is that all acquired knowledge should be lost; historical dates, for instance, but not languages or kindred subjects."

I must confess I don't quite follow your reasoning, M. C. F. It seems to me that all knowledge is acquired knowledge. Beyond knowing the way to its mouth, and having a shrewd idea that the quickest method of getting anything is to howl for it, a new-born baby is blissfully ignorant of everything. People who lose their memories do so to varying degrees. A man may forget everything in connection with his past, and yet retain accomplishments such as being able to play the piano, talk French, or recite poetry which he has acquired during that forgotten time.

Another victim may be reduced to a state in which he is even unable to read or write. A young officer in the Navy, I know, who fell from the top of the mast on to the deck, found on recovering from his injuries that he had absolutely forgotten everything which had occurred for a month before his accident. There are some people who in moving from one district of London to another clean forget all about the bills which they owe to tradesmen in their previous neighbourhood. Another loss of memory sometimes comes to people who have had a sudden stroke of good fortune. They are frequently quite unable to recognise old and less prosperous acquaintances. It is, indeed, a strange world.

Building a Battleship.

"WHEN a firm builds a vessel (say a battleship)," asks C. A. C., "do they first make a model of the proposed vessel? If so, do they make it exact, with all the engines complete?"

The making of a modern battleship, C. A. C., is as precise a piece of work as the making of a watch. From the largest armour-plate down to the smallest screw every single piece of it is built exactly to scale and pattern. The only model which is made is, I believe, a wax model of the hull, but the most careful plans of every portion of the ship are drawn out before a single hammer is used. The original designs, worked out by the chief constructor and his staff, are sent to the dockyard, where in a large room, called the "mould-loft," full-sized views of the various sections are drawn on the floor. Each portion with all its accessory details is then worked out in the drawing offices. There is, therefore, a diagram for every single part of the vessel, and no man is ever in doubt as to what he has to do. The engines are not put into a ship until she has been launched, but, like everything else, they are constructed exactly to scale. In the building of a man-of-war no disagreeable surprises have the chance of turning up. It is as exact a science as the adding together of two and two.

Lectchah.

"I HAVE a good position in a provision shop, and must say I get on very well. My employer is a good chap, but he has evidently a fatherly disposition, for he is continually lecturing me, sometimes for more than half an hour at a time. He is for ever telling me what I should do when I get home at nights and what recreations and amusements to follow. This continual lecturing gets on my nerves; besides I can look after myself; what should I do?" So writes "23."

I think the best thing for you to do, "23," is to grin and bear it. Your employer has evidently taken a fancy to you and is trying to help you on. I expect many of your colleagues would like to be in your shoes and would willingly put up with a lecture every day.

One of Mr. Punch's characters has said, "Natchah, lectchah, lectchah, but the greatest of these is lectchah." You must bear this in mind when you are receiving your next lecture. Perhaps your employer will make you his partner some day—you never know, do you?

For Brides and Bridegrooms.

THANET has just been touring in Scotland, and has sent me some interesting impressions of our brothers in the north. Like many another Englishman, Scots marriage customs have been a source of infinite interest to him. "The favourite day for these," he says, "seems to be Friday, and as a rule they take place in the evening. There was one curious custom that much amused me. As the bridegroom and guests left their respective homes for the scene of the wedding, they threw coppers amongst the boys and girls who had assembled to see them go off, and to whom this largesse went by the odd name of 'bowl-money.'"

In reading these notes by THANET, it struck me that this was a custom that might profitably be extended, but this is how I think it might be worked. Instead of distributing a few coppers merely amongst two or three children in one's neighbourhood, send your "bowl-money" to the secretary of the F.A.F., who will make use of it to give the slum children of our cities one of our grand day's outings into the country. If every bride, bridegroom, and wedding guest sent only one nippence each this summer, it would be an immense addition to the usefulness of the Fresh Air Fund, and would mean unparalleled happiness for the innumerable kiddies in our great slum areas.

"MALCOLM'S Party" special outing, in connection with the F.A.F., took place on July 8th, and the following special outings have now been arranged:—July 19th, "Royal Engineers, Gibraltar," Party. July 20th, "H.M.S. King Edward VII." Day. July 21st, "Albuhara," Day. July 22nd, "Chas. Dawson's Luck" Day. July 23rd, the "Heidelberg Contingent" Party.

(The list of Fresh Air Fund subscriptions will be found on the red page opposite.)

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Printed by MORRIS COX, Strand Buildings, E.C., and Published by H. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.1.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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(Continued from page 50.)

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Bank Holiday . August 2nd.	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	5 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	July 9 ... 9.15
Christmas Day December 25.	5 13 20 27	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	8 15 22 29	" 10 ... 9.14
Boxing Day . December 27.	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 13 20 27	9 16 23 30	" 11 ... 9.13
Good Friday . March 25th.	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	10 17 24 31	" 12 ... 9.12
Easter Monday March 28th.	8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	11 18 25	" 13 ... 9.11
	9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	10 17 24 31	8 15 22 29	12 19 26	" 14 ... 9.10
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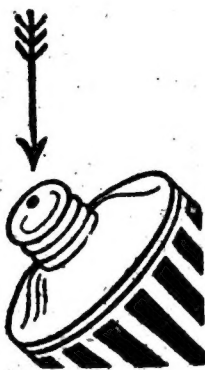
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